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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE CRITIC AT HOME.

THE fortnight has been distinguished by the conspicuous appearance of Science and Musical Art in two of the chief seats of Yorkshire industry, manufacturing and commercial—the British Association having commenced and still continuing its this year's proceedings at Hull, while Bradford has inaugurated the opening of St. George's Hall with a musical festival on the grandest scale, and most completely successful. The proceedings of the Association have not hitherto been marked by any feature of novelty or special interest; indeed, the lucid summary of the scientific progress of the past year with which the new president of the Association, Mr. HOPKINS, inaugurated his occupation of the chair, wound up with some disclaimers of any pretensions to importance on the part of the Association, which, however admirable for their candour, sounded oddly from the lips of its chief official representative, and will do more to lower, this year, that body's claims to public sympathy and respect than was effected in a similar way by the thunderclaps of laughter with which, for many years in succession, the *Times* was wont to salute this annual congress of the minor scientific men of Europe. In truth these meetings are, for all high scientific purposes, next to useless in an age of the press, though we are far from being blind to the good fellowship they promote among the cultivators of the abstruser kinds of knowledge, and the beneficial effects on the middle and higher classes of our large towns, resulting from the homage and hospitality which they are gently compelled to pay to the representatives of something higher and more ethereal than mere money-getting industry. Practically, the chief achievement of the Association has been the presentation of a report of a committee appointed last year "for the purpose of considering a plan by which the transactions of different societies might become part of one arranged system, and the records of facts and phenomena be rendered more complete, more continuous, and more systematic than at present;" and this report is to be the basis for future action in a matter which the president, in his inaugural address, strongly pressed upon the attention of his hearers. Certainly it is well worth inquiring whether, in an age of the press, the objects of the Association would not be better served by the establishment of a central journal, than by these annual nomadic gatherings. The number of European scientific journals is now so immense, that to read those relating to one department alone would amply occupy a student's whole time; and a journal which would give a condensed view of the contemporary progress of all the sciences would supply a keenly-felt desideratum. Turning to Bradford and its musical festival—in the general enthusiasm of the population, in the quantity and quality of the local musical talent which the occasion called forth, we welcome the most recent triumph of the most generally appreciable and potent of all the arts, and that in a town which connects itself with scarcely one association that is not purely industrial. The Lancashire chorussingers have hitherto borne away honours, which they must now, according to all accounts, be content to share with those of Yorkshire.

In the course of a few months (on December the 16th), exactly two hundred years will have elapsed since the installation of CROMWELL as Lord Protector of the United Commonwealth; and during the course of the past fortnight occurred (on the 3rd inst.) the anniversary of what CROMWELL was accustomed to call his "fortunate day"—the day on which he gained the decisive victories of Dunbar and Worcester, and that also on which—in 1658—he breathed his last. The so recent occurrence of the latter coincidence has induced some newspaper correspondence on the once vexed question, "Shall CROMWELL have a statue?" and all of it in an affirmative sense. It is proposed that the statue should be a national one, and erected on the anniversary of his death-day in 1853,—thus leaving an ample interval for the accumulation of the requisite subscriptions. No active steps have been taken to evolve and animate the machinery usually set in motion for the attainment of similar objects. Probably the most successful mode of operation that could be taken by the

promoters of a CROMWELL-statue would be to commission, on speculation as it were, its execution by some eminent Italian sculptor, say the Baron MAROCHETTI. There can be little doubt, we should think, that, immediately on its execution, the most distinguished persons in the nation would immediately hold a public meeting, and inaugurate a subscription-list, to repay the expenses of execution and erection. The foreign extraction of the sculptor would probably reconcile us to what was CROMWELL's misfortune, and not his fault—that he happened to be born an Englishman. On the occasion of the public meeting, with the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE in the chair, to promote the erection at the public expense of MAROCHETTI's statue of RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION, we remarked that nothing at all was said about the hero, but a great deal about the merits of the sculptor; and the plan, accordingly, which we have faintly indicated would, we think, be certain to succeed, were those humane persons who advocate the abolition of capital punishments, and who consider every "strangled" murderer to be a hero—were they, we say, disposed to arouse enthusiasm in the direction of public statues to COURVOISIER, to RUSH, and to Mrs. MANNING.

Without wishing to prejudice the conduct of the gaol authorities at Birmingham, the long and startling inquiry into whose proceedings is now on the point of terminating, we express what we believe to be a general opinion, when we say that the system of prison-discipline there disclosed to have been in operation cannot be tolerated in this country. People are in the habit of speaking of the "cruelty" of our forefathers, who hung up any morning forty or fifty men in a row for mere offences against property; but their cruelty becomes mercy when compared with the slow and horrible torture with which the slightest offences have been punished in Birmingham gaol. We have already dissented from the general approval bestowed on the free-and-easy philanthropy of Lord PALMERSTON's proposed mode of dealing with the vilest of criminals; and we are not conscious of inconsistency if we now as strongly disclaim any approval of the penal processes carried into execution in Birmingham gaol, under the government of Lieutenant AUSTIN. The question of convict-discipline is a deep one, as well as a pressing one, and is not to be dismissed in a single paragraph. Yet we may say that we entirely concur with Lord PALMERSTON when he asserts that governments should keep in view the reformation as well as the punishment of criminals. But, after all, the distinction between reformation and punishment is merely superficial; the unjustly harsh punishment of Lieutenant AUSTIN hardens and deadens the offender; the unjustly mild punishment proposed by Lord PALMERSTON will, we believe, encourage and stimulate to crime:—just punishment would reform, if anything can. Instead of further theorising, however, let us briefly indicate what we would practically propose as primary rules for the treatment of criminals. In the first place, we would abolish all mitigating commutations (unless in very rare and special cases), after a criminal's sentence has been once approved of by the Home Secretary. Let the sentence be just and in accordance with the flagrancy of the crime, and not afterwards mitigated. But it will be said, "Where is the stimulus to good conduct?" to which we reply, in a criminal, good conduct should be like virtue in ordinary men, its own reward. If a criminal misconducts himself, let him receive extra punishment; that will be stimulus enough for the criminal who is disposed to adjust himself to the facts of his position, and submit quietly to his merited doom. In the second place, as regards the details of punishment, let the prison system be as far as possible abolished. The cooping of men up, in solitude or idleness, or a mixture of both, is certainly not reformatory, and it is penal chiefly to the best, not to the worst disposed. In fine, in a system of penal home colonies, with labour severe but not unjustly severe—with sentences well-weighed and well-adjusted to the flagrancy of the crime, and not to be afterwards mitigated—with additional punishments for the ill-behaved, in place of mitigation of sentence for the well-behaved—will be found, we firmly believe, the final solution of the vexed question, "What are we to do with our criminals?"

What with one social question and another, the Home Secretary is likely to have work enough upon his hands. The Yorkshire miners are combining, and demand a more thorough

system of Government inspection, and even direct interference with mining operations, so as to secure the better ventilation of their subterranean factories. Then there is the Cholera, bringing with it for settlement sanitary questions not so easily to be adjusted as the pococurante writer in the *Times* seems to imagine. The Vaccination Extension Bill, threatening to reduce members of the medical profession to the level of the London cabmen, is likely to excite, if it be not already exciting, a very stirring and general movement. Year after year the question of medical reform turns up in Parliament, and seems as far from a settlement as ever. Home Secretary after Home Secretary brings in his Bill only to be abandoned. Meanwhile, there is one class of persons whom all respectable medical men can unite in opposing, if they unite in nothing else—we mean the class of advertising quacks. In some quarters we see used, and properly used, a mode of expression with regard to these wretches and the newspapers which encourage them—likely to produce a very strong effect. But, in spite of all our virtuous indignation, many newspapers will persist in encouraging them, and in inserting their vile announcements. Can Legislation help us here? We doubt it. The ultimate remedy lies, we suspect, in the hands of the medical profession itself; and what the latter might do in that way, we shall hereafter take occasion to indicate.

The recent case of "Sir RICHARD H. SMYTH" has provoked a good deal of controversy in the Legal Profession as to the right of a Barrister, under any circumstances, to refuse a brief; and in some quarters considerable blame has been thrown upon Mr. BOVILL for having consented to conduct a cause in which his client was so evidently an impostor. But the *Spectator*, in its remarks of the other day, seems to us to hit the right nail upon the head, when it points to the Attorney as the person always antecedently and primarily responsible, and on whom, rather than on the Barrister, the public should vent its indignation, when so scandalous a prosecution as that instituted by the ex-convict Provis is brought into open court. Much is being said just now respecting the necessity of a superior education for Attorneys, in order to give them a superior status in society. But we suspect that such a status can only be the result of a general improvement in the tone and feeling of the Profession; by their adoption of a more stringent penal code for the detection and expulsion from their body, of offenders against all the unwritten laws of veracity and probity. When such a penal code is instituted and in operation, Attorneys will exercise more care than now in taking up cases, and instances of the Provis kind will more and more rarely occur to provoke a controversy respecting the relative guilt of Barrister and Attorney.

On the other and still more painful controversy now pending between the "Honourable" Mr. and Mrs. NORTON, it can, of course, lie within our province but very lightly to touch. Yet surely it ought not to be permitted to expire without there being drawn from it at least one obvious moral. Nothing can be clearer that the lady is perfectly in the right, when she asserts that her influence was extremely operative in procuring for her husband more than one lucrative and responsible situation, and notably his present post as a police magistrate. Is it to be tolerated, we ask, that such highly important situations, never more important than now, are to be bestowed not upon the most worthy, but upon him who has the most fascinating spouse? The whole system of patronage in this country requires extensive reform and modification. Nor do we know of any region of research which those of our legal friends who sigh for fresh fields and pastures new could more profitably enter, than that of an investigation into the regulated and orderly system of legal promotion to judicial functions which prevails in many parts of the Continent, and especially among our German kinsmen.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

To the Literary Pilgrim, the city of Boulogne-sur-Mer is noted as the death-place of TOM CAMPBELL, the Bard of Hope, and of LE SAGE, the author of *Gil Blas*, over whose pages every reader has hung with a lively interest that in after-life he was perhaps ashamed to have felt for such a scamp. Even at this moment, pious reverers of the poetic faculty, rescussitating the old proposal, that the house where the Bard of Hope breathed his last should have on



the outside of it, as LE SAGE's already has, a tablet commemorative of that event; why do they not at once collect the francs and be done with it? To the social observer, Boulogne is chiefly known as the resort of middle-class English in search of sea-bathing and watering-place pleasures, a little more piquant than those offered by Margate and by Ramsgate, and, above all, as the metropolis of Stagdom, the refuge for the destitute who have outrun the constable. To the student of contemporary politics, Boulogne is impressive on account of the sum of 6000*l.* (150,000 francs) which, by an increase of the *octroi* on the marketable products of the poor Norman peasant, its municipality has lately levied, wherewith to buy fire-works and erect triumphal arches in honour of their Imperial Majesties Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, who, after all, are not to make their appearance there, so that the poor Norman peasant has been mulcted in vain. But to the contemporary chronicler of the Literary World (which Mr. GRAVE more particularly is), Boulogne is ever-famous, ever-venerable, as the residence, at this moment, of the eminent DICKENS, who, in splendid retirement, has just sent forth a preface and dedication to his closing numbers of *Bleak House*. Oh, favoured Boulogne, happy art thou among the towns, didst thou but know thine own good-hap, alas, thou dost not!

"Dedicated," thus briefly and simply runs the fly-leaf of the final numbers of *Bleak House*—"Dedicated as a remembrance of our friendly union to my companions in the Guild of Literature and Art." How pretty! how graceful! above all, how genial! What memories of pleasant provincial dinners, with post-prandial oratory; of applauded (and very bad) acting; of subsequent nights and suppers of the gods—must these simple words evoke in the memories of my companions, from Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., down to "Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG." But what has been the result to the members of the poor literary class, who, according to Sir EDWARD at Manchester, like SCHILLER when he received a Danish pension, were to abjure Radicalism and Socialism, and rally round Knebworth and an American copyright? The result, good reader? The result is three thousand pounds, Mr. W. H. WILLS "responding to the toast," and Mr. CHARLES DICKENS dedicating to "my companions." Would it not have been better if these gentlemen had said frankly that they wanted to enjoy themselves and gratify their vanities a little in the provinces? Sir EDWARD would have written any quantity of dull plays, and they could have furnished forth any quantity of bad acting, and the poor provincials would have enjoyed both with thanks. Why get up this miserable cant about the literary class, to end in three thousand pounds and Mr. W. H. WILLS "responding to the toast?" If Mr. DICKENS really cares a straw about anybody but himself, he can to-morrow show it by affixing to their articles in *Household Words* the names of their respective writers. Immediately people would say, "What a clever fellow that BROWN is;" "Capital article, JONES's;" "First-rate writer, ROBINSON." And forthwith Pater-noster-row would rush off to engage BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, instead of, as at present, running after dull Lords and worn-out washed-out celebrities. If Mr. DICKENS will not do this, don't let him pretend an interest in literary men, unknown to him or at a distance. Charity begins at home, and the office of *Household Words* is the earliest sphere in which Mr. DICKENS should display it: the rest of the literary world can wait, or even can do without it.

The preface to *Bleak House* contains also a touching acknowledgement of the efforts of "my good friend Mr. LEWES" to throw discredit on that very important incident, the death of KROOK by "spontaneous combustion." The incident was one so important and of such vital interest to the human race, that "my good friend LEWES" (don't you think, Mr. DICKENS, that, as Lady TEAZLE says of principle, "we had better leave friendship out of the question?") wrote half-a-dozen letters, to disprove its possibility, in a journal called the *Leader*, as *lucus à non*, and concerning which a satirical young friend has remarked that if its final *r* were changed into a final *n*, the title would be then much more than now appropriate to the contents. Six letters on the death of KROOK, in a journal calling itself the *Leader*, which was to have put down Toryism and Christianity for ever, as well as have set the Thames on fire. Mr. GRAVE hastens to explain (lest there should be six letters in the *Leader* on the subject) that he uses the expression "set the Thames on fire" not chemically, but metaphorically. Water, he is well aware, is composed of oxygen, the great combustion-supporter, and of hydrogen, a highly inflammable gas; but it cannot in itself be set on fire; nor will he seek shelter under the circumstance that as the Thames (my Lord PALMERSTON not having yet taken it in hand) contains a quantity of "fatty" and other matters, it might be capable of combustion. No! he scorns such a subterfuge, and adheres to his metaphor. But why should "my good friend Mr. LEWES" confine his objections to poor KROOK's spontaneous combustion, and not range in search of physiologically-impossible deaths through the whole range of contemporary fiction? Nothing, for instance, is more common in novels than to die of a "broken heart" why not six letters to prove the physical and physiological impossibility of breaking a heart. What a crowd of unscientific toxicological de-

ceases in the *Lucretia* of Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart.; could not the *Leader* expose the absurdity of some of them? For Mr. GRAVE's part, he firmly believes in the possibility of spontaneous combustion, so far at least as literary productions are concerned. "My good friend Mr. LEWES" long ago announced, for instance, a life of Goethe, which also (and still metaphorically) was to have set the Thames on fire. The manuscript of it was once in existence; but now it has disappeared entirely from public view. "My good friend Mr. LEWES" did not burn it himself. Oh dear no! Its own fiery brilliancy consumed it; it was the victim of spontaneous self-combustion. *Horresco referens!*

The eminent THACKERAY has announced his new serial, *The Newcomes*, as not only to commence its welcome appearance at the near date of the 1st of next October, but as to be edited by ARTHUR PEN-DENNIS, Esq., *clarum et venerabile nomen*. *The Newcomes*, moreover, is, according to the advertisements, to be illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE, the artistic genius who used to illustrate *Punch*, but ceased so to do because it sneered at Popery, he being a Papist. The eminent THACKERAY himself is to spend the winter in Paris, where so distinguished a writer is sure to meet with the warmest social reception. His name, in that case, on the door of the chambers in the Temple, where OLIVER GOLDSMITH once dwelt, will be merely symbolical and associative: *stat magni nominis umbra!* The eminent man, as is well known, is now a barrister-at-law; he ate his terms at the Middle Temple; he ate, I said—rather he professed to eat them, for members of that venerable inn of court tell you how he left untouched, and with disgusted look, their humble viands upon the table; loudly proclaiming that he was about to dine elsewhere and better! Shortly he will be, if not already he is, that enviable entity, a barrister of six years' standing, eligible to many an honourable post. Alas! how employ usefully, and to himself honourably, in the service of the state that delicate and satiric intellect of his, which plays half-mockingly, half-lovingly about the physiognomies of men and things, 'Tis an abstruse problem, and one which hath long perplexed the present writer. THACKERAY is not what they call a "practical man," and yet, honour to him for it, he was the first of our "popular writers" who insisted (in his Irish Sketch-Book) on the introduction of the useful and industrial element into the education of the higher and middle classes of these Latin and Greek-tormented realms. He is not a statistician, an economist, a publicist, a politician, a jurist; you could not make him a police magistrate; how can he serve the state? I have it. Under the joint superintendence of the Committee of Council on Education and of the Board of Trade, create—as there is already a department of practical art—create, I say, a department of practical cookery, and put THACKERAY at the head of it! Who forgets those papers of THACKERAY's in *Fraser's Magazine*, devoted to a delightful description of the savoury and tasteful mysteries of the Parisian kitchen? Who forgets the scattered indications throughout all his writings of a knowledge of that sublime art—a knowledge which here, as everywhere, is power? And who that has studied English life but will trace to English ignorance of the more refined niceties of culinary preparation, those faults of coarseness, of torpor, of melancholy sulkiness, with which the English are reproached by their happier continental neighbours. Forward then, O Mr. THACKERAY; leap like another CURIUS into the gulf which threatens to devour thy much-loved England. The "great" CARLYLE seeks to scourge paupers; let it be thine to teach all England how to cook and to eat. SOYER has just brought out his *Pantropheon*, a history of the preparation of food from the earliest ages to the present time; he, having (like Mr. ANTONY PANIZZI) naturalised himself, shall, as Right Honourable ALEXIS, be Secretary of the Department of Practical Cookery, with the Right Honourable WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY for President. Even now (according to the latest volumes of the Committee of Council on Education) the noble art of cookery is being taught with Government aid, and under Government superintendence, to the youthful spinsters of Finchley, once celebrated merely for the bandit-feats of RICHARD TURPIN. Let it be thine, throughout the length and breadth of merry England, to metamorphose, under national auspices, the roast into the stew—greater than HENRI QUATRE with his fowl, to introduce a fricassee into every pot, to convert the pancake into an omelette, and the chop into a cutlet. *Quel avenir, confus et immense!*

Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. spends the serene-growing autumnal season in the genteel society of Harrogate; and "the Pilgrims of the Rhine" must go without his illustrious society, and reconcile themselves, in lieu of it, to that of the eminent GRANT. Of the eminent GRANT, better known as "JAMIE GRANT," who is there that has not heard—the Random Recollector, the author of the *Great Metropolis*, and now the editor of that charming paper, so logical, so delicately witty, so gracefully subdued, so *simplex munditiis*, the world-renowned "organ" of the Licensed Victuallers—the *Morning Advertiser*! The great GRANT is a pilgrim of the Rhine, and writes home daily letters to his spousal journal, full of such glowing poetry, such profound philosophy, as may be imagined. Listen to the following, culled from

his many similarly deep remarks on the science and metaphysics of travel. List, O List! "Englishmen who cannot speak in French or German are subject to great inconveniences, from which those who speak either of those languages are exempt." What massive wisdom in that so simply-expressed generalisation! Or look at this picture of the sufferings of the British wanderer in those benighted regions, where English is actually sacrificed to "French or German," where half-pence and sixpences and half-crowns are unknown, and the traveller is lost in a weary maze of groshen, kreutzers, and thalers. "My only way of settling bills," writes the distinguished man to the sympathising readers of the *Morning Advertiser*, "at hotels, or paying for any service rendered to me was by taking out of my pocket all (!) the coin I had, and allowing each person to take what he pleased (*sic in orig.*) This"—great and profound thinker, ardent generaliser, reflective moralist!—"is not a satisfactory or safe way of doing business. The foreigner"—the eminent GRANT, that is, who, organ of the licensed victuallers though he be, is a foreigner on the Rhine—"thereby places himself at the mercy of any one with whom he has any pecuniary dealings!" Ah me! such are the dangers of the great GRANT in his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, that the readers of the *Advertiser* may be instructed: "You see," he may say, like PHILIP of Macedon, "O, Athenians, what trouble I give myself to please you." PROMETHEUS gnawed by the vulture, thirsty TANTALUS with the water flying from his lip, LUKE wearing an iron crown, DAMIEN on his bed of steel—what are these figures, these images of transcendent suffering and pain, to the attitude of the eminent North Briton with outstretched hand covered with coins, from which the Rhine waiter takes not what he ought but what he may! Lives there the man with soul so dead as to refuse the great GRANT a sympathetic tear?

America—wards from England has sailed Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, accompanied to the depravatory bark, said the newspapers, by "several members of the aristocracy of Liverpool"—what next? we shall be hearing of the "nobility and gentry of Manchester," no doubt. Mrs. STOWE lived lovingly among the Socinians of Geneva, but darted through Paris like a shooting star, a moment seen, then gone for ever! Britain—wards from America has sailed DILKE Junior, son of ATHENÆUM-DILKE, he that went with my Lord ELLESMERE as English Commissioner to the New York Exhibition, and returns just as his journal has wound-up its laudations of the coalition-ministry, collectively and severally,—well-calculated laudations, no doubt. But where is DILKE Senior the while, that a controversy is proceeding between Macaulay and a Quarterly Reviewer on the great Junius question. Such silence is inexplicable.

Since Mr. GRAVE last wrote upon the subject, he has ocularily inspected the document put forth lately by the Society of Arts, containing a list of such lecturers, with their addresses and subjects, as have been recommended to publicity by the Mechanics' Institutions circularised by the society. It is a most imperfect and inconclusive list, on the society's own showing, no lecturer's name having been inserted unless he were recommended by some Mechanics' Institution; and out of the 285 institutions circularised, only 66 vouchsafed replies. Some of the items, naturally under the circumstances, have a curious enough look. Thus Principal SCOTT, the head of Owen's College, Manchester, a man of British fame, and who has lectured in the chief institutions of the country, is put down as recommended by a little Mechanics' Institution at Woolwich, which sold off (on compulsion) its literary and scientific traps some time ago, and converted itself into a mere bathing-machine! And so on, of many more. This Principal SCOTT, as well as RUSKIN and CHARLES KINGSLEY, is to lecture during the ensuing winter-session at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh—a metropolis which has just been favoured by a visit from Mr. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, the proselytising atheist, and a deputation from the "London Secular Society." The Secularists were rather roughly handled by some Divinity Students who mustered to the rescue; and the *Edinburgh Guardian* is very witty on the topic of the Cockney missionary of Antichrist with his talk about *cultshaw* ("culture"), and whom it describes as a "dark-haired, lanky, and amiable-looking young man, with nothing very remarkable in his appearance, and, who by the help of a white neckcloth, might pass any day in a crowd for a Free Church probationer"—a compliment for which Mr. HOLYOAKE will not be very much disposed to be grateful to his pictorial critic.

"JAMES SIMPSON, Esq., Advocate," commonly called "JAMIE SIMPSON," an ally of GEORGE COMBE's, and one of the great apostles of Secularism and *cultshaw* is dead—to be remembered chiefly as the man who, entering the boxes of the Edinburgh theatre simultaneously with Sir WALTER SCOTT, bowed in acknowledgment of the plaudits with which the audience greeted the Great Unknown—so high was JAMIE's notion of his own *cultshaw*. The widow of that sweet poet and amiable man, the late D. M. MOIR, of Musselburgh, has received a pension of 100*l.* a year. And an annual one of 50*l.*, a slight literary memorial of the Royal visit to Ireland, has been bestowed on the "Rev. WILLIAM HICKEY," better known by the pseudonym of MARTIN DOYLE, under

which he popularised agricultural knowledge for the Irish.

The clever politico-social novel of *Charles Delmer*, lately reviewed in this journal, is on the verge of a second edition, and is attributed to the pen of Mr. EYRE EVANS CROWE, once the editor of the *Daily News*, a frequent contributor to the *Examiner*, and the author of a book published the other day on the great contemporary controversy, and entitled *The Greek and the Turk*. "Sir RICHARD H. SMYTH" is composing the memoirs of his life; a valuable piece of literary information which the world owes to the communicativeness of Inspector FIELD, who, when taking him to prison, remarked (probably not cautioning him that his words would be taken down) that his adventures would make a fine subject for a novel, to which Sir RICHARD replied that he intended to write them himself. Has Mr. Inspector FIELD acquired a tincture of literature from *Beak House*, being incited to the perusal thereof by the introduction of his eminent colleague, Mr. Inspector BUCKET? Some time ago it was announced, with a flourish of trumpets, in a journal devoted to the advocacy of secularism and *cultshaw*, that ROBERT OWEN, the socialist, was editing his own memoirs and correspondence, the latter to include many communications from her MAJESTY's deceased parent, his Royal Highness the DUKE of KENT. 'Tis to be hoped that the latter are more authentic than the most recent communication alleged to have been received from his Royal Highness by Mr. OWEN—one indorsing the genuineness of the new Chelsea Ghost, who, however, on inspection (of the BUCKET kind) turns out to be no ghost at all.

FRANK GRAVE.

NIGHT AND THE SOUL.

BY J. STANYAN BIGG.

(Continued from p. 454.)

FERDINAND.

Is it not sad that Nature ever spreads,
In lavish prodigality, her sweets
To tempt man's sickly appetite—in vain;
And scatters from her rushing wings swift flakes
Of light, presages of the bliss of heaven,
On eyes that see not, and on souls as blind;
And, like a young bird poised in upper air,
And hovering between the Eternal and
The Infinite, sings ever songs of both
Unto deaf ears.—Is it not sad, I say?

ALEXIS.

Yes! We stand but in the porch and gateway
Of existence—the dim twilight of our life;
And God hath hung up on the vaulted roof
These splendours, but to light us to our rest,
And to prepare us for the blaze beyond!
Nature is still, as ever, the thin veil
Which half conceals and half reveals the face
And lineaments supernal of our king:—
The modifying medium through which
His glories are exhibited to our eyes.
The grand repository where he hides
His mighty thoughts, to be dug out like diamonds;—
Still is the day irradiate with His glory,
Flowing in constant emanations from
His own transcendent nature,—still at night
O'er our horizon trail the sable robes
Of the Eternal One, with all their rich
Embroidery and blazonment of stars.

FERDINAND.

Alas! that mankind see Him not,—the Great
And Everlasting Framer of all worlds;
Who paints Himself upon the leaves of flowers,
And flings his portrait on the breasted clouds,
And sheds his syllogisms in the shape
Of suns and moons, and planetary systems.
How is it that our fellows see not beauty,—
That great thoughts never visit them?

ALEXIS.

'Tis well
They do not; for the mighty ones would shake
Their rotten temples, clay-built, to the ground;
Would blow them into smoke, with the old gods
Of Asgard, and Olympus, and of Ind.
Their modern Mammon would be overthrown;
And all their dear conventionalities,
And plundered gains, and selfish policies,
Flung to their grim old father—there below.
And all the frantic immolations, which,
In honour of their idols of the heart,
And of the market and the drawing-room,
The petty insipidities, and waste
Of heaven-born energies, and all the trash
And tinsel'd fripperies of the world, must go.
The giants must have room! Oh! how I love them;
Whether they come in quiet majesty,
Like silent-footed pilgrims from the shrines
Far off, of old eternities, and bear
Tapers within their hands to light the altars
Of the great inner temple, and reveal
Unto itself its world of pictured splendour;
Or come upon me full of power, and fling
My cherished prejudices round and round,
In chaff-like whirling eddies, with their stride;
Or shake the firm foundations of my creeds,
Like busy lightnings peeling off stone flakes
Adown rock precipices, laying bare
The flinty ribs of chasms, and deep gulphs;
Or whether they advance spontaneously
Prank'd in deep shadows, like the dark-brow'd Night,
When I have lul'd my soul into a hush
For their reception, and they glimmer in,
One following the other, like the stars,
Taking their place upon the deep blue blank,
Until one greater than the rest slides in
With all his wheeling glories round his head,
Like a great sun with his attendant planets,

FERDINAND.

Great thoughts oppress me like an incubus.

They sit upon my soul like thunderbolts.
I am uneasy with them as my guests,
While all the tiny beauties that entwine
Their wreathlike graces round the universe,
And gleam like lights upon stalactites
Depending from the vaulted roofs of dark
Earth grottoes, and go flashing up and down
Amid the summer sunshine of the world,
Like the bright wings of spangled butterflies—
All melt into my soul like lunar rainbows!

ALEXIS.

I love to grasp a great thought by the heel,
And plunge it underneath another's Siya,
And see it come forth bright, invincible—
Strong and yet beautiful—Achilles-like.

FERDINAND.

But all vast thoughts and mysteries make me sad.

ALEXIS.

Well, and why not? The soul that hath not sorrow'd
Knows neither its own weakness nor its strength.
Sorrow reveals heaven to us; for our souls
Hang in the infinite like sun-dyed globes
On which the time-rays of the present play;
But ever and anon a shadow comes
Over and on them, cast forth from their thrones
In the great World-to-come, when a bright seraph
Glides like a glow behind them. And our woes
Are like the moon reversed, the broad bright disk
Turn'd heavenwards—the dark side towards us,
Till God in His great mercy moves them round,
And rolls them with a wise and gentle hand,
Into the dim horizon of the past,
To bless us with their smile of tearlike lustre.

FERDINAND.

There is a step winding along the vale.
Shall we avoid it?

ALEXIS.

No! let us remain.

ANTONIO (coming up).

Good even, friends. How are you both? 'Tis long
Since I have seen you. Dreaming still I see.
Been having a chit-chat with the stars, may be—
A little quill gossip with them, hey?
Well, well! there's no accounting now for tastes
Anything new up yonder? Any news?

ALEXIS.

No, nothing much. 'Tis said the moon hath dropp'd
Another egg or two, for they were seen
With the new telescope, not long ago,
Flying adown the western slopes.

ANTONIO.

In-deed!

That's all then, is it? No new signs appear,
No portents, shadows of events to come,
That may affect the money-markets, hey?
Nothing like war, or famine anywhere
Brewing, perhaps?

ALEXIS.

No! Not that we know of!

ANTONIO.

Ah! well, I thought it was no harm to ask.
People like you, out always in the night,
I fancied might have learnt a thing or two;
But it's no matter.

ALEXIS.

Nay, those times have gone,
When the stars peach'd about events to come!
Albertus Magnus might have help'd you now:
Or Campanella, Fludd, or Jacob Behmen.

ANTONIO.

Aye! and where are they?

ALEXIS.

Resting in their graves.

ANTONIO.

Why then do you refer me to dead men?

ALEXIS.

Because the dead teach better than the living.

ANTONIO.

And that is all you know,—there's nothing else
That would be worth a man like me to hear.

ALEXIS.

Why yes! 'Tis said the other night Aquarius
Scatter'd his water-bowl, and all his stars
Wept long and sadly, that men were such fools
As to outshine the worm in their pursuits,
And starve their souls to make their purses fat.

ANTONIO.

Ha! Ha! I see. A little pleasant, hey?
Well, well—good night.

BOTH.

Good night.

FERDINAND.

And he is gone,
With all his dreary soul unlighten'd by
A single ray, to say it is divine.

ALEXIS.

Oh no, not so—Antonio is a man
Of weight and influence in the busy world;—
A most respectable and weighty man,
With lands and houses, and a heart of steel
For all who tenant them; a prudent man,
Who keeps a keen shrewd eye on the main chance,
And never lets an opportunity
Slip eel-like by, unused or unimproved.
He would sack heaven and earth, and make his soul
Into a greasy money-bag, just that
He might say to the world—all this is mine,
And hear his pockets jingle when he walks!

FERDINAND.

Most noble, truly! Ah, one feels with such
As if the world had lost its bright attractions;
As if the sun were blotted out, and all
The stars were folded in their funeral robes,
And carried once for all to their lone graves
In uttermost Chimerian realms of night;
And all the glances of the eyes we love
Were turn'd into the heartless stare of death;
And all the words of fondness, bubbling up
Fresh from the founts of feeling, were struck dumb;

And Nature had grown beardless, and left
A char'd and shrivel'd image of herself
On the drear blanks of space, where grim mines yawn'd,
In which we were to toil and sweat for gold
In ever-daring darkness—lidded night!
With such as these the world seems but a waste,
On whose aridities our very hopes
Sink spent, flapping their white wings till they perish!

ALEXIS.

Ah, well! Such souls as these soon close on all
The indentations made by all things good,
Retaining nothing but the devil's hoofs
Set on them as a seal, and speaking witness
Of his dark sway and ownership.

Before

This subject slipp'd like night into our talk,
I said all grief is but a jagged shred
Of the dark robe that is aglam with gems;
That a dead sorrow is a living joy,
And, like a pale corpse, yields a deathless soul
To wing its way up to the seats of bliss.

FERDINAND.

Ah, yes! pains past are pain no longer;—true!
But what of those that loom up in the future?

ALEXIS.

Future and past are one; but diverse aspects
Of the same central, ever-during sphere.
The present falsely seems to sunder them
With its poor, dwindling now,—but it is nought,—
A sunbeam flickering dimly between two
Eternities as dim,—the merest flash
Of the bright sword with which God smites the blue
And bending infinite into life and light,
Disseminating gleams both ways. And all
The glories which the future paints upon
The soul's horizon are but scatter'd rays,
Drawn from its lost experiences within
The dim, primordial Past;—and night reveals them
As yon great arch above us—God's black banner—
Let the soft star-beams tremble through.

In the dim and dreamy night,
When no object of the sense
Blinds the spirit's inward light,
Or mars the holy influence—
The barbed arrows of the soul,
Wing'd with fiery ecstasy,
Singing through the depths of time,
Pierce into eternity:—
Opening up dark recollections
Of the distant starry spheres;
Images, and dim reflexions,
Older than the ancient years.
Like the echo of some story
Through the mists of memory driven,
Come these glimpses of our glory
On the sunny banks of heaven;
Spangles of our ancient vestments
By the hands of mercy torn,
To remind us of the grandeur
Which our spirits once have worn;
Kindlings of seraphic fire,
Beaming from the thrones on high;
Echoes of old melodies
Taught to us beyond the sky.
Dark and mystic are these visions
Of our former best estate;
Strange, and deep, and dim, and shadowy,
As the dusky wings of fate.
Yet amidst the awe and darkness
Is a light, whose pale sheen
Tells us, hope-like, that we shall be
Once again what we have been—
Tells us that the radiations
Which our tranced souls behold,
Are the gleaming scintillations
From the gemmed crowns of gold
Which we once wore when in glory,
Ere we knew the name of pain;
And—so sings the heavenly story—
Which we shall wear once again:
Are the bursting buds of blessings
Sent to cheer us in the night,—
Wreathing flowers, and fruits, and blossoms,
Scatter'd from the fields of light:
That the thrills of joy that reach us
Tokens are of old relations;
Are the pledges of affection
Sent us from seraphic nations,
That our gem-soul is the setting
Of a brighter, happier sphere;
That our home is in the heavens,
Our probation only—here.

But lo! yon dull grey cloud, now spreading o'er
The eastern heavens, and coming like a pale-
Brow'd Prophet to announce the numbering
Of the night's hours; or like a herald, spent
And all begrimed by dirty roads and haste,
Rushing upon the grave properties
Of a great court, all deck'd in robes and jewels.
Dost thou not see it there,
Plucking already from the brow of night
The stars that gem her coronal? See how
Transparent and attenuate it seems,
Like the thin hand of Death, waving a soul
To glory. We must part.

FERDINAND.

Farewell, Alexis.

ALEXIS.

Farewell. But we will meet again, when night
Throws her black pall athwart the corpse-like heavens,
And typifies the shadows and the glooms
That fold about the heart and soul of those
Who, in these times of ours, with daring wing
Dive down into the depths of human life,
And come back reeking with dark doubts and dreads,
Or, with their plumage scorch'd and shrivel'd, dare
To utter profanations, and blasphemy.
But we will see, it from the darksome vault
Of human speculation, we will let
A bright but lowly faith glie to our souls,
Like a young moon, to beautify the scene
With rays like reflexes of heaven, and show
The holiness of beauty and of life.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life and Times of Madame de Staël. By MARIA NORRIS. London: Bogue. 1853.

WHEN that profound humourist Rivarol said of Madame de Staël that "she was the only female writer who put you in any doubt about her sex," the saying was true enough; for, even with the case of Jacqueline Pascal in our memory, we do not hesitate to affirm that never before did any woman so completely and so successfully assume the manly tone, the solid muscular intellectuality, of a real male writer as did Madame de Staël. In our own day, perhaps, one or two other names might be included in Rivarol's *not*—Madame Dudevant, and perhaps even Harriet Martineau, but still the blue-stocking *par excellence*, the lady of all others who completely emancipated herself from the thralldom of pies and shirt buttons, the politician in petticoats, the philosopher in mittens, is Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness of Staël-Holstein.

So far as Mrs. Norris has performed her task, she has done it well; but she has not done one half of what the comprehensive title, *Life and Times of Madame de Staël*, might be fairly implied to promise. In these days of gossip-hunting, when the meanest biographies are swelled up to the dignity of three bulky volumes, something more voluminous than a meagre little octavo might have been accorded to so important a personage as Madame de Staël; and it becomes an additional subject of complaint when we find that a great deal of even this confined space is occupied with discursive reflection, true enough as regards the general bearing of sublimity matters, but utterly unimportant as regards Madame de Staël. What good, for example, can it do the inquiring reader to learn, as he does from the first sentence of the first chapter, though probably not for the first time, that "the antagonism of Right and Might is almost as old as the world itself. The result of this very first contest was that the righteous Abel fell, and that the unrighteous Cain lived, to found cities and to perpetuate his race." Yet with this sort of condiment is the entire work highly spiced. What we wanted was an accurate and succinct account of how Madame de Staël lived, when she lived, what she lived for, and what effect has been produced upon the world by the fact of her existence. To write a work of this kind there is already ample material to the writer's hand. Her works have been thoroughly well edited, over and over again, by competent editors; her life has been written by her own daughter, the Duchesse de Broglie; an admirable, though, perhaps, a little too partial analysis of her character and writings, such as might naturally be expected of a relative and friend, has been given by Madame Necker de Saussure. A philosophical analysis of the influence of her works has been written by M. Regnault-Warin; essays by various critics, above all the judicious Sainte-Beuve, have appeared without number: all these render it an easy task to collect a vast amount of information about Madame de Staël; and Mrs. Norris appears to have gone to these sources for her present volume, especially to a little collection of odds and ends called *Stœliana*, published at Paris in 1820, and also to the article in the *Biographie Universelle*, of which considerable use has been made; but for all that, the work unquestionably falls a little short, if gauged by the measure of its promise, and the sort of treatment reasonably to be expected, if that promise had been adequately performed.

Without further preface we shall proceed to recapitulate the leading features of Madame de Staël's life. She was the child of the great Minister of Finance, Necker, and Mademoiselle Churchod, the daughter of a Swiss minister. The reputation of her father was second only to that of Mirabeau at the time immediately preceding the French Revolution. He began life behind the desk of the banker Thelluson, and rose to be the first minister of France. Beloved by the people, feared but valued by the court, Necker was the most popular and powerful minister that France had enjoyed since Sully; yet so great was his probity and his deference to the royal authority, that even when at the very height of

his power he received a peremptory order from the court to quit the kingdom *without noise*, he made use of stratagem to avoid attracting to himself the protecting influence of the public. Of her mother less is known. She seems to have been a severe, and consequently, narrow-minded woman, continually busying herself with trifles, and bearing hard upon the weak sides of poor human nature. This unfortunate habit of mind, of which poor Necker says meekly that he had nothing to complain of his wife but that she had nothing of which to accuse herself, led her into many ridiculous blunders, especially in her treatment of her vivacious and accomplished child; one of these is worth repeating. When quite a girl, the future authoress of *Delphine* used to amuse herself by cutting figures of kings and queens out of coloured paper, and making them play tragedies; Madame Necker considered everything connected with dramatic entertainments profane, and absolutely forbade the game, which the little maiden was thenceforth fain to play by herself in remote corners of the house. Madame Necker made her sit upon a little wooden stool, near her own chair, and used to diversify the conversation of the guests by constantly desiring her to sit with her back perfectly upright. When only fifteen years old her literary inclinations first made their appearance, for she wrote a little commentary of the *Esprit des Lois*, with extracts; and Raynal wanted her to write an account of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes for one of his works. It has been said, indeed, that she was no more than twelve years old when she wrote the *Letters on Rousseau*; but this is clearly erroneous, and it is quite certain that the work did not appear before she was twenty-two years old. The intensity of her early studies had effect upon her health, and the celebrated physician Tronchin, who was called in upon the occasion, commanded her to abandon all serious study. When twenty years of age (in 1786) her parents married her (for she seems to have had little voice in the matter) to the Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador in Paris for Gustavus III. This match appears to have been much more advantageous to the gentleman than to the lady; the daughter of the wealthy minister Necker might have aspired much higher than to a Swedish gentleman of no very illustrious birth. De Staël was a democratic and somewhat extreme man; if all we read about him be true, he seems to have truckled basely to the Terrorists; and it is said that on one occasion he sat quietly in the Convention (to which he was admitted as the first ambassador who had done honour to the new Republic), and listened to a coarse invective launched by the brutal Legendre at the good name of his wife. He died at Poligni in 1802, on his way to Coppet, whither he was retiring with his family.

When Madame de Staël first went into the world, she became, as literary ladies generally do become, somewhat celebrated for her eccentricities; she went to court with her dress out of order, and one morning, paying a morning call upon the Duchesse de Polignac, she committed the *gaucherie* of leaving her bonnet behind her in the carriage. When the revolution burst forth, Madame de Staël, with an unreflecting enthusiasm, thought she saw in it the prospect of boundless happiness for France; but it was not long before she appreciated at its true value the use made of the revolutionary doctrines. When Louis XVI. was brought back to the Tuilleries, she planned an escape for the royal family. Bertrand Moleville, one of the ministers of the fallen King, gives a detailed account of this plan, which the King's friends never even attempted to carry out, owing to the want of confidence to be placed in M. de Narbonne, to whom Madame de Staël had confided the execution of the project. After the murder of the King, and while the fate of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was yet undecided, Madame de Staël had the courage to publish a *Defence of the Queen*, a composition filled with energetic and profound pity for the victim, and which depicts the fallen queen in all the colours of an amiable woman, a tender mother, and a devoted and courageous wife. On the awful 2nd of September, she had to make her escape from France, and narrowly escaped falling a victim to the fury of the revolutionary chiefs. Her own

thrilling account of this adventure is quoted by Mrs. Norris, and deserves to be copied here:—

The order which sent her to the Hôtel de Ville involved the traversing of half the city; a task not very easy or delightful for a person in a carriage and six, attended by servants in livery. However, she reached her destination; after three hours of anxiety, during which her horses had been led at a foot pace, through crowds that assailed her with cries of death. These cries she acknowledges were not insults directly personal to her; the people scarcely knew her; but an elegant carriage and embroidered liveries seemed to point out to the populace a person worthy of death. "Not being aware," she says touchingly, "how inhuman man becomes under the influence of a revolution, I addressed myself frequently to the gendarmes who passed near my carriage, imploring their assistance. They answered me with gestures of menace and disdain. I was pregnant, but that did not disarm them; on the contrary, I irritated them on this account, because they felt themselves all the more guilty towards me." The most dangerous point of her journey was its end: on the staircase of the Hôtel de Ville several persons had been massacred on the 10th of August, and even before she reached the staircase she had to pass through a crowd of armed men, whose ferocious eyes seemed eager for the blood of aristocrats. Their vile appearance excited her aversion, and this feeling lent her a little strength. She alighted from her carriage in the midst of this terrible throng, and walked under an arch of pikes. Having reached the staircase, flanked by regular ranks of lances, she proceeded to ascend. One man directed his lance against her; the gendarme who had been in her carriage parried the blow with his sabre. "Had I fallen at that moment," she says, "my life would have been over; for it is in the nature of the people to respect whoever stands erect, but for a fallen foe they have no pity." At last, she reached the commune, at which Robespierre was presiding; and having escaped from the violence of the mob, she began to breathe again. She had formerly once met Robespierre at her father's house, before he had had any chance of acquiring his terrible notoriety; when, in fact, he was nothing but a poor advocate. That interview had not prepossessed her in his favour: his livid complexion, and the greenish hue of his reins, were not at all calculated to make an agreeable impression, and the positive dogmatical tyranny with which he asserted the wildest opinions had completed the disgust which his appearance had begun. To the mercies of this wretch she was now delivered. His secretary, Billaud-Varennes, sat at his desk, with a beard of fifteen days' growth on his chin; this slovenly precaution was adopted to put him beyond the suspicion of belonging to the aristocratic party. At the time when Madame de Staël was placed at the bureau of Robespierre, another victim, also seated there, and being no less a person than the mayor of Vircin, rose to state that, although placed there together, he and the lady by his side had committed no crime in common, and that whatever might be her offence, it would not be fair to implicate him in it. Yet probably this man was gallant enough in ordinary circumstances—would rise to open a door for a woman and bow her out of a room with grace. His chivalry went no further than comforted with his convenience. How true may this be of many of our virtues, and how far we are from knowing it, until some unexpected crisis tear off the flimsy mask of excellence, and expose the real imperfections of our character! Excited by the want of generosity in her fellow-prisoner, Madame de Staël was stimulated to use her own exertions to save herself. She rose, and asserted her right to depart, as an ambassador of Sweden, appealing to her passports in confirmation of this right. Just then Manuel arrived, and it seems his interest in her had been permanently excited by the bold attempt she had made to save her friends. In spite of all the efforts of men to degrade themselves, they cannot but be touched by a trait of true heroism. Manuel was very much surprised to see her in such a sad position; but asserting that he would answer for her detention until the commune had decided on her sentence, he took her and her waiting-woman to his own cabinet, where they remained for six hours, faint from hunger, thirst, and fear. The window of Manuel's apartment looked out to the Place de la Grève, and Madame de Staël could see the assassins coming back from the prisons, their arms naked and red with blood, while they rent the air with their dreadful cries. Her carriage, still laden with her baggage, stood in the midst of the square, and the people were about to strip it, when she saw a tall man in the uniform of the National Guard ascend the box, and protect her property from the mob. This man resolutely defended the equipage and its contents during two hours. Madame de Staël was at a loss to conceive how a man could devote himself to such a trifle as the preservation of property, while such awful scenes were passing around him. In the evening this man with Manuel entered the room where Madame de Staël was shut up; she discovered him to be

Santerre the brewer. She inquired the reason why he had exerted himself in her behalf, and must have been profoundly affected by his answer. He had lived, he said, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and had often witnessed the distribution of grain, procured by Monsieur Necker during the famine. Of these distributions he had preserved a grateful remembrance, and this was his mode of acknowledging his sense of Necker's generosity. Manuel, as soon as he saw her, exclaimed with emotion, that he was very glad he had set her two friends at liberty. Madame de Staël says that he was bitterly afflicted by the assassinations that were now constantly committed, and yet he had not power to oppose them. "A gulf," she says, "gaped behind every man who acquired authority, and if he stepped back he fell into the abyss." Having waited for night in order to avoid the loss of his popularity, Manuel conducted Madame de Staël to her home in her carriage. The lamps were not lighted in the streets, but many figures bearing torches were passing to and fro. These torches made the darkness appear yet more terrible; often a torch was thrust before the carriage window, and Manuel was rudely asked who he was? When he answered that he was the *procureur* of the commune, he was allowed to proceed without molestation. It seems that while such respect for authority existed, even for authority in a guise so mean and brutal as the revolutionary government were, all was not lost; and France might have retrieved herself had she found a man to guide her. When Manuel had seen her safely at home, he assured her that he would exert himself to procure her a new passport, but warned her that she must be accompanied by her waiting-maid only, and that a *gendarme* would escort her to the frontier. This *gendarme* was Tallien, who, twenty months after, assisted in procuring the ruin of Robespierre; and who was thus instrumental in sending to the scaffold the wretch who had supplied it with so many victims.

And so she made good her escape into England, and took up her residence at Juniper Hall, near Richmond, where she found quite a little colony of the most illustrious among the French exiles. It was here she made the acquaintance of Miss Burney, whose sister, Mrs. Phillips, resided at Norbury Park, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Juniper Hall. Her stay in England was not long, for in the summer of 1793, she rejoined her father in Switzerland. One of her companions in exile was Monsieur d'Arblay, afterwards the husband of Miss Burney. He was one of the officers on guard at the Tuilleries on the night of the 21st June 1791, when the royal family made their abortive endeavour to escape, and was more fortunate than his fellow-refugees. Mrs. Norris says that his courtship with Miss Burney "was somewhat after the pattern of Othello's and Desdemona's; she loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity them." It was at this epoch that Madame de Staël wrote her *Treatise on the Influence of the Passions*, in which she praised the act of suicide; and of which she afterwards said, that she always repented having written it: "but I was then," added she, "in all the pride and vivacity of my youth; and what would be the use of living if not in the hope of growing better?" After the fall of Robespierre, she published two anonymous pamphlets, one entitled *Reflections on the Peace*, addressed to Mr. Pitt and to the French; the other, *Reflections on Internal Peace*.

When Buonaparte made his appearance in the political world, Madame de Staël was the first to detect the devouring ambition of the man, and she it was who inspired Benjamin Constant to pronounce his celebrated speech from the tribune predicting the advent of the military despotism. This made Buonaparte her enemy for life; and it is the absurdest and grossest of calumnies to attribute her determined opposition to Buonaparte to the disappointment of rejected love. This was simply a base lie invented by an afterthought at St. Helena, for the purpose of administering a strong dose of flattery to the sick old lion. The fact is, that when they first met each other in society, Buonaparte and Madame de Staël indulged in a smart bout of conversational sparring, doubtless very much to the amusement of the listeners. "Whom do you consider the greatest woman, living or dead?" inquired Madame de Staël one evening, at Talleyrand's. "Her, madam, who has borne the most children," curtly replied Buonaparte. "It is said," she resumed, a little discomfited, "that you are not very friendly to the sex." "I am passionately fond of my wife," he answered, turning abruptly away to converse with some one else. On another occasion General Buonaparte suddenly joined a circle to which Madame de Staël was delivering a clever dissertation upon the state of parties in

France: everybody applauded except Buonaparte, who remained perfectly silent. "Well, general, don't you agree with me?" "Madam," was the reply, "I have not been attending, because I don't like to hear women talking about politics." "You are quite right, general," she rejoined; "but, in a country where heads are being cut off, it is only natural that we should like to know the reason why." In 1815, when Buonaparte was on his way from Elba, a lady who was attached to his party attempted to flatter Madame de Staël by saying that the Emperor had been informed of her friendliness to him in his misfortunes. "I hope he knows how much I detest him," was the uncompromising answer.

It is obvious that, with such sentiments as these, she could not hope to remain very long in France; and it was not surprising that, in September 1803, she should receive an instruction from the First Consul that her further residence in that kingdom was inconvenient. The bearer of this message was a *gendarme*.

He announced himself as the commandant of the *gendarmérie* at Versailles, but added that he came out of uniform lest he should alarm her. He showed her an order of exile, signed by Buonaparte, which empowered the police to secure her departure within four-and-twenty hours, to a distance of not less than forty leagues from the capital. But this agent of despotism treated her with all the consideration her name and position demanded. To the time of departure she demurred: four-and-twenty hours, she said, might be sufficient notice for conscripts, but could scarcely be enough for a woman with children. Some preparations were needful before she could depart on such a journey; three days at least she must have in Paris. To this no objection was made, and she and her children, accompanied by this officer, set out immediately for the city to which she had so often turned with hope and joy. In passing the house of Madame de Kécamier, she stopped for a few minutes, and finding General Junot there, procured from him a promise to speak in her behalf. Then she sadly resumed her drive. Her *gendarme* had been chosen, perhaps, as the most literary of his set, for he complimented her on her writings, and ventured to praise her talent. Pride prompted her to strive at quietude; and she said to him in reply, "But see whither all this leads, this genius which you admire. Oh, sir, if any person of your family should be so unlucky as to possess it, pray counsel her to keep it to herself, or it will assuredly bring her into trouble." Every morning this man pressed her to leave, and every morning she begged another day; her few friends called on her, or dined with her, "and sometimes," she says, "we were even gay." No doubt Buonaparte grew tired of this delay; and it was most probably, on this occasion that Monsieur de Talleyrand announced to her the determination of the First Consul that she should leave Paris, and that speedily. He was a man who could fling away a friend with the most exquisite grace. "Madame," said the minister, "I wish you a pleasant journey." "A pleasant journey?" "Yes—a pleasant journey to Switzerland. I hear you set out in three days." "Oh, but you have been misinformed, I have no such idea." "Nevertheless, I have heard it from the best authority. *Encore, bon voyage. Adieu.*" Joseph Buonaparte made another attempt to save her, and invited her to spend the last few days of her time with his wife at Morfontaine. To this lovely place, accompanied by her elder son, she went for three days. Then she left her friends, and addressed her sorrowful face towards the path of exile.

Upon this unceremonious banishment from Paris she betook herself to Weimar, justly named the German Athens, and it was here that she first tasted the beauties of that literature of which she afterwards became such an able exponent. At Weimar she became intimate with Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller; and it was during this epoch that she first meditated that work with which her literary reputation must ever remain connected—*Corinne*; and very shortly afterwards she produced her *Allemagne*, confessedly the ablest exposition of German views that had ever been given to the world. With the exception of a short residence at Auxerre, and afterwards at Rouen, Madame de Staël's life, down to the fall of the empire, was passed in a sort of flight from the power of Napoleon. Firmly refusing to interpolate any flattery into her *Allemagne* for the gratification of the despot, that work was proscribed in France. Madame de Staël was then at Coppet. The Prefect of Geneva hinted that the birth of the King of Rome offered an excellent opportunity for the exercise of her talents in such a way as would be likely to please the Emperor. "I can wish him nothing better than a good nurse," answered she; and on this answer being reported to Napoleon, an order was communicated to her to leave Coppet. Accordingly, she bent her steps towards

Russia; Napoleon was after her; and as the imperial eagles entered Moscow, she fled to Stockholm by way of Finland. During her stay at St. Petersburg she chanced to be present at a banquet when the toast was given: *Success to the Russian armies against France*. "No," said she, "not against France, but against the oppressor of France;" and the sentiment was loudly applauded.

It was in 1810, eight years after the death of the Baron de Staël, that his widow contracted a second marriage with a young soldier named Rocca, who came to Switzerland to recruit his health. He seems to have been ardently attached to her, and she not less so to him. Their marriage was, for some time, kept a profound secret, from a fear least Buonaparte should claim Rocca as his soldier, for the purpose of annoying his enemy. After her death, however, the facts were fully disclosed by her will.*

Madame de Staël did not long survive her return to France; she died on the 14th of July, 1817; and those who are nice in the observation of coincidences remark that it was upon the anniversary of the very day on which, twenty-eight years before, that flame had burst forth which had since so fearfully devastated France. M. Rocca did not long survive his wife; for he died in Provence on the 29th January, 1818.

Madame de Staël has been called the *female Voltaire*; but this is an injustice to both sides of the comparison. Devoid of the great creative genius, the wondrous wit, the astonishing activity, and the marvellous propelling power of Voltaire's mind, she had unquestionably greater solidity; whatever Madame de Staël knew, she knew thoroughly—to the very foundation; and this could in no instance be said of the philosopher of Ferney. Dismissing from our minds the natural prejudice against learned women,† we cannot withhold the admiration due to a great and well-stored intellect.

Most great writers, especially those who have excelled in imaginative works, have attempted to leave behind them a portrait of themselves; Madame de Staël has done so in *Delphine*. *Delphine* is Madame de Staël slightly exaggerated, with the same sensitiveness, the same inconsequence, the same combativeness, the same impatience at being a woman. *Delphine* is, perhaps, the least natural and the truest character ever drawn by a novelist; if it were not the most exact portrait in history, it would be the most original creation in romance. *Corinne* is a piece of enthusiastic criticism; if it were not for the want of creative power, it would be poetical. Notwithstanding the fine songs on the Cape of Misena and the Capitol, the creative inspiration is wanting; but when in the presence of the antiquity she worshipped, she recounts the glories of Rome; when she attempts to communicate that sentiment of art which seizes her as she beholds a *chef-d'œuvre*, then her heart beats, her words become animated, the soul bursts forth;—and by a strange association, that excitement of the senses, which intoxicates, dims not that piercing clearness of vision which she brings to bear upon her subject; she goes on calmly explaining the beauties that transport her; and by that double faculty satisfies at the same time our reason which she enlightens, and our heart which she moves.

The *Allemagne* is a criticism upon the beautiful in literature, as the *Corinne* upon the beautiful in art; that is the general tone of the book, notwithstanding many fine passages upon painting, sculpture, and music. It must be admitted that Madame de Staël did not fully comprehend music: she scarcely vouchsafes a word of admiration for Mozart, and to Palestrina and Pergolesi she seems to listen quite unmoved.

CERTAINLY fashion rules the tendency of authors who write biographies. It has been the fashion for some months now to laud and describe Burke—not that we understand or estimate the man more than we have any time these twenty years—but authors

* In the Catalogue of the British Museum, with a refined pedantry, Madame de Staël is described as afterwards Rocca. † We cannot resist the temptation to quote Johnson's opinion about learned ladies:—"Several ladies being in company with Dr. Johnson," writes Boswell, "it was remarked by one of them that a learned woman was by no means a rare character in the present age: when I (writes Boswell) replied: 'I have known a good many ladies who knew Latin, but very few who knew English.' A lady observed that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson said, 'I do not know that.' 'At least,' said the lady, 'they are most pleasing when they are in conversation.' 'No, Madame,' returned Johnson, 'I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues.'"

have "got into the subject." Mr. PETER BURKE is not proof against the mania, so he has given us a biography of his great namesake (*The Public and Domestic Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke*. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.), which the publishers of the "Illustrated Library have put into a neat volume and furnished with nearly fifty wood engravings. The work is readably written, stating explicitly the main facts, both public and private, of Burke's career, making no pretensions to do more, and therefore incurring no danger of disappointing the seekers after new facts. As the fashion goes, it is a volume that should sell largely.—*Lorenzo Benoni: Passages in the Life of an Italian* (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) is the autobiographical narrative of an Italian reformer, whose revolutionary tendencies produced him many troubles and adventures. The story is well told, but without dates, and evidently with the aid of fictitious characters, to give variety and to afford the opportunity for equally fictitious dialogue. But the volume will interest greatly. It is one of a cheap series.—Vol. IV. of Miss STRICKLAND'S *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses* (Blackwood and Sons) is occupied with a further portion of the life of Mary Queen of Scots, bringing the biography down to the time of her unfortunate wrangles with Darnley. Throughout, the work is an elaborate defence of Mary. That she was a virtuous and economical queen, and a loving and dutiful wife, is the earnest conviction of Miss Strickland. When complete, we hope to examine the arguments more closely.—The Earl GREY has added another to the vast collection of books and pamphlets with which we have been already loaded respecting the Duke of Wellington. In an octavo volume of upwards of two hundred pages he has thrown together details of the *Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington, apart from his Military Talents* (London: Bosworth). The Earl deems it an act of justice to the great warrior to put together some observations upon his private feelings and principles. He informs us, however, that he had no professional or private connexion with the Duke, and that only from dispatches has he in this volume drawn his knowledge. Although the volume contains nothing that every body did not already know of the Duke, it will be a source of gratification to have in a compact form a thousand proofs of the amiability and kindness of a general who was once popularly known only as the Iron-hearted.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It was known that the late Bishop of Lincoln was engaged upon an historical account of the great Council of Nice, when death came to interrupt his labours, almost on the eve of their publication. Its appearance, therefore, has been looked for with much interest, and it is now submitted to the public under the following title: *Some Account of the Council of Nicea, in connection with the Life of Athanasius*. By JOHN KAYE, D.D. Lord Bishop of Lincoln. It is published exactly in the state in which it was left by the lamented prelate at the time of his decease, with the exception of the preface, which was submitted to the Rev. Dr. Jeremie, "with the view of correcting verbal errors, should any have occurred, in that portion of the work which had not received the final revision of the author." The object of the work, as we are informed in the preface, is to assist the theological student "in arriving at a just judgment respecting the history and nature of the Arian controversy." It is also thought that it might serve as an antidote to the sceptical and sneering representations of Gibbon on the one hand, and the overweening sacerdotalism of Mr. Newman's *Arians of the Fourth Century*, on the other. With respect to this latter, as also to the notes by the same author, in the Oxford translation of the treatises of Athanasius, Dr. Kaye observes that "no one can read them without admiring the extensive reading and the subtlety of the writer, nor without feeling a conviction that he was, when he wrote them, contemplating the step which he afterwards took—that of secession to Rome." With respect to Gibbon, he says: "I think that, on the whole, he is not chargeable with unfairness. The controversy was not between Christians and heathen philosophers; there was therefore nothing to call forth the expression of that personal resentment which he has been accused of entertaining against Christianity. Both parties were Christians; and he is content to look down upon them with contemptuous impartiality." Dr. Kaye's work divides itself into three parts: the first gives an account of the Council of Nicea; the second treats of the four orations of Athanasius against the Arians; and the third treats of his tract *De Incarnatione Christi*. The narrative part of this work is exceedingly lucid. The materials for a history of the Council are not numerous; but Dr. Kaye has made the most of them. He has also well described all the preceding and subsequent transactions connected with the council. The character of the great Athanasius shines forth conspicuous among the crowd of actors. The historian of the *Decline and Fall* "was fully competent to appreciate his intellectual and moral qualities . . . but he could not appreciate, for he could not understand, the feeling which was the

main-spring of the whole conduct of Athanasius, which prompted his exertions and supported him amidst all the vicissitudes of his chequered career, amidst the persecutions, the privations, the dangers to which he was subjected—the intensity of his zeal for the preservation of the integrity and purity of the Christian faith." In the analysis which follows, of the four *Orations of Athanasius*, the author's design is "to place before the reader, on the one hand, the objections urged by the Arians against the Homousian doctrine, and on the other, the reasonings by which Athanasius, its great defender, replied to them; and thus to give him a just notion of the character of the Arian controversy." This analysis will be found not the least useful part of Dr. Kaye's work to the theological student; but we can commend the whole to the general reader as well, as the best book upon the subject that has ever passed through our hands, and one that has considerably increased our respect for the learning and judgment of the right reverend author.—*Bible Triumphs: a Jubilee Memorial for the British and Foreign Bible Society*. By the Rev. THOMAS TIMPSON—is a welcome and well-timed publication. Fifty years have now elapsed since the Bible Society, almost the only one of our great religious associations in which Christians of all denominations are found to co-operate, sprang into existence. Its founder was the Rev. Thomas Charles, B.A., of Bala, a seceder from the Church of England, but a truly pious, benevolent and enlightened man; who, in the course of his labours among the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, finding that copies of the Holy Scriptures were exceedingly scarce, determined to establish a Bible Society on the plan of the Religious Tract Society, of which he was a member. He accordingly broached the subject at a meeting of the Tract Society's committee, on the 7th of December, 1802. This plan, however, was intended only for Wales, when the secretary, Mr. Hughes, suggested: "And if for Wales, why not for the empire and the world?" All were struck with the importance of the subject and the vastness of the design. Tidings of the project soon spread through the entire religious world. Nothing, however, was definitively done through the whole following year, farther than to prepare men's minds for the proposition. On Wednesday, the 7th of March, a meeting was convened at the London Tavern, with Mr. Granville Sharp in the chair; and at this meeting the following resolution was unanimously agreed to: "A society shall be formed with this designation, 'The British and Foreign Bible Society,' of which the sole object shall be to encourage a wider dispersion of the Holy Scriptures." A committee of thirty-six gentlemen was also appointed to carry the objects of the society into effect; the Rev. Josiah Pratt and the Rev. Joseph Hughes were named as the secretaries; and 700l. were immediately subscribed in furtherance of the design. From that day to the present the society has gone on and prospered. Its first president was Lord Teignmouth. Among the vice-presidents were the Bishops of London, Durham, Exeter, and St. David's; also William Wilberforce. "These, with Henry Thornton, Esq. treasurer, determined the character and fixed the respectability of the institution." In the volume before us will be found an exceedingly interesting account of its operations, year by year, from the commencement to the present time. It contains also some brief but excellent biographical notices of some of the distinguished men that have, from time to time, been connected with it; together with a great deal of valuable statistical information. From this it will be seen that the society circulates the Bible in as many as a hundred and fifty different languages and dialects. "Some of these languages have several versions: as, for example, the French has three, the German three, the Italian two, and the Chinese three; so that there are 177 versions of the Scriptures, omitting those which are printed in different characters. And of these, 123 translations were never printed before the formation of the Bible Society!" We have only space further to mention, that the society has circulated, up to the present time, the astonishing and almost fabulous number of 26,571,193 copies of the Bible.—*Gold and the Gospel: The Ulster Prize Essays on the Scriptural Duty of giving in Proportion to Means and Income*.—These essays originated in an idea strongly prevalent among some Protestant ministers and others in the north of Ireland, that the sin of covetousness is gaining ground among professed Christians. "In reading the biography of the most eminently pious and useful in different ages, one must have been often struck with the fact that almost all of them devoted a regular proportion of their income to the Lord in pious and charitable uses." Many gave away at least one tenth part of their income. Several gave much more, "and some gave all they had away, beyond the scriptural provision, 'food and raiment.'" Things are far different at present; and accordingly it was thought expedient to advertise three prizes for the best essays "on the Scriptural Duty of Giving according to means and income." In due time fifty-one MSS. were sent in to the adjudicators, in reply to the advertisement. Of these, five are here printed. "The authors represent the several divisions of the United Kingdom. Two are Englishmen, two are Irishmen, and one is a Scotchman. They belong to different Christian communities. One is an Episco-

palian Clergyman, the second is a Presbyterian Minister, the third is a Scotch Dissenter, the fourth is an English Nonconformist, and the fifth is a Layman. So far there is variety, and we are further informed in the preface, that "each essay is distinct and self-contained. Without trenching on the province of the other, one gives the logic of the case, another its Scripture, a third its law or precedents, a fourth its sentiment, and the fifth is addressed to its practical details." The originators of the scheme express themselves well pleased with the success of their experiment; and, as the essays themselves are calculated to do good, and appear to be carefully written, we heartily wish them a wide circulation.—*Editions from the Bible and parts thereof in English, from the year MDV. to MDCCCL., with an Appendix, containing specimens of translations, and bibliographical descriptions*. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. By the Rev. HENRY COTTON, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Cashel, &c.—We are exceedingly glad to see this excellent work in a second edition. It is now thirty-two years since Dr. Cotton, at that time, we believe, under-librarian of the Bodleian, published the first edition of this work. It was then found to be exceedingly useful, and a great advance upon a work of a similar character by the Rev. Mr. Lewis. It gave the author considerable reputation as a bibliographer, which was still farther increased by the publication of his *Typographical Gazetteer*. But a great deal has been learned of the history and several editions of the English Bible since Dr. Cotton commenced his labours, and we are happy to state that the present volume gives ample evidence of the fact. It is increased in size by about two-thirds, and embodies in its pages the chief results of the labours of Christopher Anderson, of Lea Wilson, and of others.—*Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament: St. Matthew*. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.—"What! another work by Dr. Cumming!" our readers will exclaim with astonishment. Yes; and a very useful and well-written publication, we can assure them. We have examined it here and there, and have been much pleased both with its expositions of difficult passages, and the general tendency of its lessons and observations. These latter breathe a spirit of true piety. They are also judiciously introduced, simple in form and style, and well adapted for the ordinary avocations of life. The *Sabbath Evening Readings*, of which the first volume is now published, were commenced in weekly numbers, and are intended to embrace the entire New Testament. The object was to supply the public with "a slightly critical, and a fair explanatory and practical comment," compiled principally from the pages of Alford, Bloomfield, Barnes, Henry, and Scott. These all have their distinctive merits; "but the author thinks he may borrow an excellence from each, and combine with it the freedom of occasional digression, and the freshness of illustration and allusion which lend new interest, and which he hopes will be found in these comments." As a practical and familiar exposition of Scripture, therefore, for all those "who have neither time, nor talent, nor taste, to investigate learned and elaborate works," we heartily recommend Dr. Cumming's *Sabbath Evening Readings*.—*Mormonism: its History, Doctrines, and Practices*. By the Rev. W. SPARROW SIMPSON, B.A., Curate of St. Mark's, Kennington—is a brief, but well-digested, account of Mormonism, from its origin to the present day. Having ourselves given a sketch already in the *CRITIC* of the rise and progress of that extraordinary imposture, we took up Mr. Simpson's small work with interest, and can testify that he has performed his task well and faithfully. We do not see that it contains any fresh information on the subject; but the facts which it does present to our notice may be relied on, while the author's own observations are appropriate and just. In his inquiry into the causes of the success of Mormonism, Mr. Simpson mentions the following, which is not often dwelt upon:—"A very large number of these converts are appointed to offices in this sect. Mr. Caswell observes that one-tenth of the converts are commissioned to act as teachers, &c. On examining the Conference Report of December 1852, to ascertain how far this observation would hold as applied to their present condition in England, I find that the proportion is even higher; for whilst the total number of members is stated at 2449, the total number of elders, priests, teachers, and deacons, is 460—being more than one-sixth of the whole number. This would decidedly form one of the causes of success, as it ministers to that ambition and love of power which is so deeply seated in human nature. Many, too, of these converts would doubtless preach the doctrines which they held before uniting themselves with the Mormon body; for it has ever been the policy of the sect to commence their operations by preaching from the Bible exclusively, introducing Joseph Smith and the *Book of Mormon* casually and rarely; so that converts do not become acquainted with the whole system until long after they have been admitted into the Mormon body." In conclusion, we trust that Mr. Simpson's publication will be widely circulated, as one likely "to be of service to many of our labouring population in making known the real nature of this daring imposture; and, it may be, in rescuing some who are in danger of being seduced from their allegiance to the pure religion of our beloved Church."

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EDUCATION.

POHN'S "Classical Library," for September, furnishes the completing volume of Mr. HICKIE'S serviceable translation of *The Comedies of Aristophanes*. It will be useful to schools as well as private students, on account of its cheapness and its literalness.—A second edition of Dr. MANNHEIMER'S *Study of German* has been published (Williams and Norgate) in a neat and cheap school-book. Dr. Mannheimer follows the Ollendorf system, now so well known by name in this country.—H. J.'s little work, *The Child's Treasure; or, Reading without Spelling* (Law) has also reached a second edition. The plan is to teach the sound of syllables separately (for which purpose tables of them are provided by the author) and gradually to lead the pupil, by the occasional addition of a letter, on to words.—Mr. WILLIAM ROBSON'S translation of *Emile de Bonnehose's History of France* (Routledge and Co.) is a substantial volume of upwards of seven hundred pages. The history commences with the invasion of the Franks under Clovis, and comes down to the accession of Louis Philippe. It is lenient toward kingly sins, and has been approved by the Royal Council of Public Instruction, and the Minister of War for the Special Military School of St. Cyr, and is used in all the corps of the French army.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Homes of the New World: Impressions of America. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 3 vols. London: Arthur Hall and Co.

London Homes: including the Murder Hole, &c. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. London.

THIRTEEN hundred and thirty pages, full tale, on America! In the present instance, had a thousand pages been deducted, we should still have had a pleasant, instructive volume. If by some literary cookery the three volumes could have been boiled down into one, Miss Bremer's new work would have had more readers, and the story of her travels would have been told more effectively. For, we must say—and we say it very reverently—that in these three volumes there is a considerable amount of unmitigated twaddle. But the good things predominate; and the pleasant writer of *Strife and Peace* has written so peacefully on subjects regarding which we are often at strife with our Transatlantic cousins, that we are disposed to accept her as a mediator, or, at least, as an impartial expounder of national texts.

Miss Bremer went over to the "States" with the evident intention of being pleased with everything and everybody as far as it was practicable. She is a most catholic traveller, and "cottons" with Shaker, Quaker, Mormon, Arian, or Trinitarian, if she can find but any good in him. She is catholic and tolerant where most ladies might be indulged in inflicting a gentle caning. She shut her eyes as well as she could on rising expectorators, fast feeders, and incandescent democrats, and never quarrelled with bed or board when she had good reason to do so. All the men in America are handsome—all the women lovely. The scenes are lovely, the rivers are beautiful, the hills are grand, the institutions almost unexceptionable,—she cannot get up a good grumble. Miss Bremer lets us infer that she is on the shady side of forty, otherwise we should speculate on the extensive crop of jealousies she has sown in these volumes for the maids and matrons of America. She takes portraits of her entertainers for her private portfolio, and pen-and-ink sketches of them for her readers. Thus Mr. Downing, her first host, has "dark hair of a beautiful brown, and softly curling—quite a poetical appearance." Professor Hart, who tried with Yankee alertness to monopolise the lady's pen for *Sartain's Union Magazine*, is of "gentlemanly refinement—there is something benevolently good and agreeable in his pale delicate countenance. I could not help taking a fancy for him." Dr. How, of the Boston Deaf and Dumb Institution, the instructor of Laura Bridgman, has a "splendid energetic countenance." Mr. Harrison, president of Jefferson College, has "beautiful meditative eyes and a quiet excellent manner." He pleased her exceedingly. Lowell, the young poet, has a "beautiful, Apollo-like head." Next for the ladies. Mrs. Downing is pretty, little, and delicate—"of a bird-like nature;" and here the authoress *naïvely* adds, "and so am I." Mrs. Putnam is a "charming, cheerful, agreeable little hostess." A Mrs. D. is a stately, handsome woman. Miss Sedgwick, the novelist, has a "figure beautifully feminine." Were we to pro-

ceed extracting more such pen-and-ink portraits, we should probably lead the reader to infer that all beauty and goodness has settled in the west.

Miss Bremer went through the northern and the slave states, and had a trip to Cuba. Everywhere her pen is busy, noting, jotting, quietly quizzing, or throwing in a touch of the humorous. Of course, she saw all the great men and all the great women—patted all the lions, and was patted as a lion in return; but it is evident that she looks upon the American lion-hunters as mighty great bores. Here is a whole menagerie of manes and beards in Boston.

I remained there (in Boston) several days with my friends, the S——s, amid an incessant shower both of visits and engagements, which sometimes amused me, and sometimes drove me half to desperation, and left me scarcely time to breathe. A few of these days and hours I shall always remember with pleasure. Among the foremost of these, is a morning when I saw around me the most noble men of Massachusetts; Alcott, the Platonic idealist, with a remarkably beautiful silver-haired head; the brothers Clarke; the philanthropist, Mr. Barnard; the poet, Longfellow; the young, true American poet, Lowell (a perfect Apollo in appearance), and many others. Emerson came also with a sunbeam in his strong countenance,—and people more beautiful—more perfect in form (almost all tall and well proportioned) it would not be easy to find. Another forenoon I saw the distinguished lawyer, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner, a young giant in person; Garrison, one of the principal champions of the Abolitionist cause, and who, therefore, at a time of excitement, was dragged by the mob through the streets—of Boston, I believe—with a halter round his neck as a malefactor. One sees in his beautiful countenance and clear eagle-eye, that resolute spirit which makes the martyr. Speaking with him, I told him candidly that I thought the extravagance in the proceedings of the Abolitionists, their want of moderation, and the violent tone of their attacks, could not benefit, but rather must damage their cause. He replied, with good temper, "We must demand the whole loaf if we would hope to get one-half of it!"

A good many this side the Atlantic will be disposed to coincide in her criticism on

MISS CUSHMAN.

I was two evenings at the theatre, and saw Miss Charlotte Cushman—the principal actress in the United States—in two characters, in which she produced a great effect, both here and in England, namely, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman, immediately on my arrival in New York, had written very kindly to me, offering to be any use to me in her power. Here, in Boston, she placed a box in the theatre at my service, which was very agreeable to me, as I could thus invite my friends to accompany me. Miss Cushman is a powerful actress; she possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace, and wants more colour in her acting, especially of the softer tone. This has reference principally to her Meg Merrilies, which is a fearful creation. Miss Cushman has represented in her merely the witch, merely the horrible in nature. But even the most horrible nature has moments and traits of beauty; it has sun, repose, dew, and the song of birds. Her Meg Merrilies is a wild rock in the sea, around which tempests are incessantly roaring, and which unceasingly contend with clouds and waves. She was also too hard and masculine for Lady Macbeth. It was merely in the night scene that her acting struck me as beautiful, and that deploring cry so full of anguish which she utters when she cannot wash the blood from her hands, that—I feel I shall never forget. It thrilled through my whole being, and—I can still hear it; I can hear it in gloomy moments and scenes. I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, and powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and with universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortunes, she supported by her talent for some years her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clever forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanour and conversation, make one like to be with her.

Another lady of European reputation, and whose fate was so sad, does not appear to have impressed her own countrymen generally so favourably. We allude to

MARGARET FULLER.

I must say a few words about a lady whose name I have frequently heard since I came to America, partly with blame, partly with praise, but always with a certain degree of distinction, namely, Margaret Fuller. Although devoid of beauty, and rather disagreeable than agreeable in her manners, she seems to be gifted with singular talents, and to have an actual genius for conversation. Emerson, speaking with admiration of her powers,

said, "Conviction sits upon her lips." Certain it is that I have never heard of a woman in this country possessed of such ability for awakening enthusiasm in the minds of her friends. Emerson said of her, with his usual almost alarming candour, "She has many great qualities; many great faults also." Among these latter appear to be her arrogance and her contemptuous manner towards others less gifted than herself. I have also heard that she could repent of and ask pardon for severe words. In haughtiness and independence of temper, in pride and honesty, and in critical asperity, she was perfectly a transcendentalist. The "Conversations" which she at one time gave in a select circle at Boston, are spoken of as of the highest interest. Mrs. Emerson cannot sufficiently praise her fervent eloquence and the extraordinary affluence of her mind, and—I believe—half reproaches me for not being like her. Margaret Fuller went to Italy with my friends, the S——s, about two years since, and remained there when they left. A report has now reached this country that she has connected herself with a young man (she herself is no longer young, being upwards of forty); and a Fourierist, or Socialist marriage, without the external ceremony, is spoken of; certain it is that the marriage remained secret, and that she has a child, a boy. She herself has written about it, and about her maternal joy, but not anything about her marriage, merely that she shall relate what farther concerns her when she returns to America, which will be next year. All this has furnished subject for much conversation among her friends and her enemies. They who loved neither herself nor her turn of mind believe the worst; but I shall never forget with what zeal one of her friends, Mr. W. R., defended her on one occasion in company, and that merely on the ground that her character repelled every suspicion of any action which might cast a stain upon it. Her friends at Concord—among these the Emersons, Elizabeth H., and a younger sister of Margaret Fuller, married in Concord—seemed perfectly easy with regard to her conduct, and convinced that it will justify itself in the open light of day. This is beautiful.

Miss Bremer is so prolific in portraits, that we must hold, after extracting a sketch of

EMERSON.

Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, bare-headed amid the falling snow. He is a quiet, nobly grave figure, his complexion pale, with strongly marked features and dark hair. He seemed to me a younger man, but not so handsome as I had imagined him; his exterior less fascinating, but more significant. He occupied himself with us, however, and with me in particular, as a lady and a foreigner, kindly and agreeably. He is a very peculiar character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear eye, always looking out for an ideal which he never finds realised on earth; discovering wants, short-comings, imperfections; and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill: sorrows, however, he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless, he has only allowed himself to be bowed for a short time by these griefs; the deaths of two beautiful and beloved brothers, as well as that of a beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He has also lost his first wife after having been married scarcely a year.

Those who are fond of literary portraits will find abundance in these volumes, and some of them executed with much skill, *naïveté*, and freshness. The spirit in which the authoress writes and paints will be gleaned from the following extract:—

As regards my own private friends, I do not trouble myself in the least to what religious sect they belong—Trinitarians or Unitarians, Calvinists or Baptists, or whatever it may be—but merely that they are noble and worthy to be loved. Here also are many people, who, without belonging to any distinct church, attend any one where there is a good preacher, and for the rest, live according to the great truths which Christianity utters, and which they receive into their hearts. Some of my best friends in this country belong to the invisible church of God.

Miss Bremer has an eye both for the beautiful and grotesque. She omitted no opportunity of observing the tendencies of the national American mind and character. Wherever there was a church, a school, a prison, or a mad-house to be seen, there she went. She attended a slave-auction, and she attended a camp meeting. Her sketch of the latter is admirable, but too long for extract as a whole. We cannot omit the spiritual manifestation of

THE FAT NEGRO.

We saw in one a zealous convert, male or female as it might be, who with violent gesticulations gave vent to his or her newly awakened feelings, surrounded by devout auditors; in another, we saw a whole crowd of black people on their knees, all

dressed in white, striking themselves on the breast and crying out and talking with the greatest pathos; in a third, women were dancing "the holy dance" for one of the newly-converted. This dancing, however, having been forbidden by the preachers, ceased immediately on our entering the tent. I saw merely a rocking movement of women who held each other by the hand in a circle, singing the while. In a fourth, a song of the spiritual Canaan was being sung excellently. In one tent we saw a fat negro-member walking about by himself and breathing hard; he was hoarse, and sighing he exclaimed to himself, "Oh, I wish I could holla!"

In her own beautiful and pathetic way, Miss B. tells the story of the Hawkins family, and of the origin of the temperance movement in the United States:

A few years ago, there lived in Baltimore a family of the name of Hawkins. They had been in better circumstances, but were reduced through the drunkenness of the father. There was a public-house in one of the lanes in Baltimore, where every day five or six drunken companions used to assemble to guzzle all day long. Hawkins was one of this set; and although he cursed it, and cursed himself for his weakness in going there, yet it clung to him like a curse, and every day he went there, and only came thence when he was no longer able to stand; and, late in the evening or in the night, staggered home, often falling on the steps, where he must have remained lying, and have perished of cold and wretchedness, had it not been for his daughter, little Hannah. She sat up till she heard him coming home, and then went out to meet him, and helped him up the steps; and when he fell down, and she was not able to raise him, she carried down pillows and a bed-cover and made him a bed where he lay, doing all in her power to make him comfortable, and then lay down beside him. The wife, who in her despair had grown weary of striving with him, endeavoured by her own labour to maintain herself and the other younger children. Little Hannah, however, only ten years old, did not grow weary, but still watched over her father, and devoted to him her childish affection. When he in the morning awoke out of his drunkenness, he used immediately to send the little girl out to get him some brandy, and she did as she was bid, when her prayers could not prevail with him to abstain. She succeeded only in awakening in him a yet stronger sense of his misery and the need there was for him to forget it. He cursed himself for being so unworthy a father to such a child, and he compelled the child to give him the drink which would drown his misery. And when he, by means of the fresh, fiery liquor, was revived and invigorated so that he could stand and walk, he again went to the alehouse. Such was his life for a long time—a lengthened chain of misery and self-accusation, interrupted merely by fresh debauch. The family had sunk into the depth of poverty, and each succeeding day only added to their distress. One morning, when Hawkins, ill both in body and mind, after the carouse of the foregoing day, awoke in his bed, he desired Hannah, as usual, to go out and get him some brandy. But the girl would not go. She besought him earnestly: "Dear father," she said, "not to-day—not to-day, dear father!" and she wept bitterly. The father, in extreme anger, bade her leave the room. He got up, and with staggering steps crawled down to the usual place. Here, in the mean time, an extraordinary scene had occurred, one which is difficult to explain, except by a mysterious and higher intervention. The drunken companions were already there with their filled glasses in their hands, when one of them said, "It is very foolish of us though, to sit here and ruin ourselves merely for the good of —!" meaning the master of the public-house. The others agreed. Some of them said, "Suppose that from this day forth we were not to drink another drop!" One word led to another. The men hastily made an agreement, and drew up a paper, in which they bound themselves, by oath, to a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. When Hawkins, therefore, entered the public-house, he was met by his companions with the temperance-pledge in their hands, and by the cry from all, "Sign it! Sign it!" Astonished, overpowered, almost beside himself, he added his name to that of the others. Without having asked for a drop of brandy, he now hastened home, as if from a new sort of carouse. He found his wife and his daughter together. He threw himself upon a chair, and could only ejaculate, "It is done!" His paleness and his bewildered aspect terrified them; they asked him what he had done. "I have signed the pledge!" exclaimed he at length. Hannah and his wife threw themselves upon his neck. They all wept—tears of a new delight.

We cannot indicate one tithe of the good things—of the rough sketches, humorous points, pleasing anecdotes, pretty stories, and personal experiences of the authoress that abound in these volumes. We regret that the writer should have felt herself obliged to publish her letters *in extenso*. There are some woful bits of twaddle, which we should like to have excised; but really the

Swedish lady writes on the whole so pleasantly, so good-naturedly, so lovingly, and ingeniously, that we cannot find it in our hearts to say a really cross word of her performance.

We wish we could speak with the smallest amount of approbation of Miss SINCLAIR's *London Homes*, which are no more like London homes than they are like wigwags on the Potomac. London homes are not represented by dens of filth and wretchedness on the one hand, nor by palaces and comforts on the other. Miss Sinclair has attended Exeter Hall meetings with small benefit to her mental strength and artistic powers, if she cannot present us with better interiors than she has given us here. The "Murder Hole" (which we have seen before), the "Drowning Dragon," the "Priest and the Curate," are so many make-weights. The latter sketch is full of all uncharitableness.

BOHN's "Antiquarian Library" consists of a translation, by the Misses HORNER, of Dr. Lepsius's *Letters from Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of Sinai*. The translation is carefully done, and numerous illustrative maps are introduced. Extracts from Dr. Lepsius's *Chronology of the Egyptians*, with reference to the exodus of the Israelites, are added, and the volume has, we are told, been revised by the author.

Seasonable republications are shilling editions of J. H. STOCQUELER's *India, its History, Climate, Productions, and Field Sports*; W. H. MAXWELL's *Highlands and Islands (Wild Sports and Adventures)*; and VICTOR HUGO's *Rhine, to which is added a Guide for Tourists*. Each is clothed in gay colours, and illustrated with several woodcuts.

FICTION.

Bleak House. By CHARLES DICKENS. With forty illustrations by HABLOT K. BROWNE. London: 1853.

IN the preface affixed to the concluding double-number of this latest serial product of Mr. Dickens's fertile pen, the author takes the public into his confidence in a somewhat unusual way, and intimates pretty broadly that *Bleak House* has been commercially more successful than any of its predecessors. This declaration might soothe the feelings of a hostile but good-natured critic, who, though disposed to speak his mind rather freely, would not wish to appear adverse to a genial and gifted writer, when the latter was on the point of sinking in public estimation, and would prefer to bring forth his cautions and animadversions when such a writer was attaining the pinnacle of success. For our own part, we are bound to say, that if *Bleak House* has been more successful than its predecessors, it must, in our opinion, owe that superiority to some extrinsic rather than to any intrinsic claim to public favour; as a work of art, as an entertaining and interesting tale, as a collection of delineations of character, as a congeries of incidents, *Bleak House* seems to us decidedly inferior to *David Copperfield*, to *Dombey and Son*, nay, to *Martin Chuzzlewit* and to *Nicholas Nickleby*. Into the causes of this inferiority it is not our province to inquire. It may be that the claims on Mr. Dickens's attention incessantly put forth by a weekly publication like *Household Words*, may have interfered with the creative and descriptive efforts of the novelist. The periodical press is a jealous mistress, and hardly pardons in her followers loyalty to any other standard than her own. But, if so, no doubt the commercial success of *Household Words* has reacted on that of *Bleak House*, in making the name of the gifted novelist favourably known in circles in which he was formerly a stranger, and to whose regard he has now a new title, as the purveyor of useful knowledge in its most agreeable and acceptable garb.

Mr. Dickens is not famous for his plots; but in the worst of those of former novels we have less to pardon and more to admire than in the case of *Bleak House*. The story of Lady Dedlock, on which the plot mainly turns, is, *tant soit peu*, improbable, not to say revolting, and in its conception sins against one of the first laws of novel-writing. It is a prime canon of fiction that all its main incidents should arise during the course of its evolution; and in all cases where this law is broken, the moment the incident is guessed, the reader sees, "as from a tower, the end of all," and half the interest is gone. What a mighty difference between the emotions aroused by the *Edipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles and the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare. In the former, the crime to be expiated has been com-

mitted long before the hero appears upon the scene, and the play is little else than a slow and painful unrolling of the details of an old and forgotten crime. In *Macbeth*, on the contrary, although fate is hinted at as overpowering poor human volition, we do see palpably the struggle between destiny and free-will, the one theme of all tragedy; and we applaud the retribution, because we have seen man consciously succumbing to the temptations of the powers of darkness. From this point of view, the artistic interest excited by Lady Dedlock is much inferior to that aroused by Mrs. Dombey. Both are sinners; but in Mrs. Dombey's case we are distinctly cognisant of the struggle and the fall, and its record thus acquires a tragic interest. But Lady Dedlock is haunted, like poor *Edipus*, by the ghost of a youthful crime, and poetical justice would be satisfied with a much less severe punishment than hers, while a veil of needlessly-kind concealment is uselessly thrown over the final doom of the much more guilty Frenchwoman, who is intended, we presume, for an idealised portrait of Mrs. Manning.

Neither has *Bleak House* enriched our minds and memories with any of those characters which in Mr. Dickens's former novels have taken all men by quiet storm, and live on their lips and in their laughter. Mr. Jarndyce is but the crusty, kindly old gentleman of ordinary fiction, a little more crotchety than the average, and none the more likeable on that account. Sir Leicester Dedlock is a stupider Mr. Dombey, though we must confess that there is something touching in his final tenderness. Harold Skimpole is too ill-natured for criticism, and his foil, Mr. Boythorne (in whom, they say, are to be recognised some traits of Mr. Walter Savage Landor) is, with his vociferation and emphasis, simply tiresome, and Mr. Dickens did well to part company with him. Other minor characters, such as Mrs. Snagsby, Chadband, Mrs. Jellyby, Guppy, will not stand a comparison with the glorious Mrs. Nickleby, the Stigginses, Mrs. Gamps, and Dick Swivellers, of former tales. Caddy Jellyby is well and naturally drawn, and Mr. Tulkinghorn, with his stealthy and cold malignity, is admirable. But what shall we say to Inspector Bucket? Surely that it is a perhaps well-meant but still a decided libel on those "useful and active" men, the heads of the detective force. Whatever a detective may be in Mr. Dickens's private room, and well warmed with generous liquor, he is certainly very different from the garrulous, fussy inspector of *Bleak House*, who is always acting a part, and shows that he is acting one. Krook is disgusting, and Miss Flyte is tiresome; but George—erect and stalwart George—is a perfect picture; why have encumbered him with such associates as his miserable dependant or that odious wretch Smallweed? By way of foils, we presume, to himself and to the Bagnet family—an agreeable family group.

The heroine, Miss Summerson, said also to be a sketch from real life, is a general favourite with the public; and we shall be held guilty of *leze-majesté* against the feminine ideal if we confess that her perpetual amiability and sweetness and self-sacrifice rather pallied upon us; and that we could not help thinking, when reading her most amiable confessions, with a semi-regretful feeling of that inexcusable little lady, Miss Becky Sharp, or of that wildly-demure one, Miss Jane Eyre, and others of her sisterhood. "Methinks," as Hamlet says, "the lady doth protest too much," and there is a good deal of water in her milk of human kindness. However, there is no fear that our fair friends will grow too amiable; and, after the popularity of the ladies of the other kinds, an ideal woman like Miss Summerson may do good. With the Vaccination Extension Act, small-pox will probably disappear by degrees, but not for some time; and meanwhile, to the owners of beautiful faces whom that fell disease may ravage, Miss Summerson's story will be an Evangel of patience, and they may be pardoned if they come within many degrees of it in practice. But how about the ready consent to marry Mr. Jarndyce? Guilty or not guilty, say you, ladies? These are mysterious points, on which a male critic must not pass judgment without an *amorce* to help him, learned in the law of Cupid. We had forgotten Ada and Richard. The former is the characterless and altogether lovely young lady of novels, who sets on fire youths of tenderest years. Richard is Martin Chuzzlewit over again, as unstable, as selfish, and without a certain vociferous heartiness of his predecessor's. His death and fate add an additional shade to the

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gloom in which, only once in a way we hope, Mr. Dickens has sought to envelope the whole tale. But what can we expect from such a title as *Bleak House*? It chills at once.

In this practical age it is no demerit of the book that it has a practical tendency, and that, as the abuses of Doctors' Commons were exposed in *David Copperfield*, the quackeries of architects in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the horrors of cheap boarding-schools in *Nicholas Nickleby*, so in *Bleak House* the iniquities of Chancery are exhibited with a quiet but a telling indignation. Mr. Dickens has good-humouredly alluded to the learned judge who took him to task for exaggeration on this point, and has entered into explanations and justifications which he may rest assured the public do not require from him. Law reform was a reform well under way before Mr. Dickens put pen to paper in the composition of his last novel; but it has far proceeded at a pace all the more rapid, and with a sympathy all the more general, since *Bleak House* held up to view, in a lively pictorial fashion, the deep misery occasioned for generations by the "law's delay." Nor will there be much more heed paid to the complaint of another learned judge, that Mr. Dickens is too much given to detect "a soul of good," not in "things evil," but in persons of humble station and scanty means. The world will never be too ready to associate ideas of virtue and good feeling with the huts where poor men lie, and will be apt rather to fall into the way of thinking which Johnson ascribes to Pope when he says of the author of the "Dunciad," "he seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want everything." With a Dickens and a Thackeray at the head of our fictitious literature, both this opinion and its converse are likely to be extinguished, so far as fiction can extinguish them. Let them go; they have cumbered the earth long enough!

The Alain Family is an affecting tale of a French family, in whose career much incident and much goodness and homely virtue are apparent. It is from the pen of a writer who should be better known in England, Alphonse Karr, and who will be well known if his works continue to be translated by so genial a writer as ROBERT BROUGH. Mr. Brough has rendered into elegant and natural language this attractive story, and Messrs. Ingram and Cooke have well illustrated it, and put into a cheap and pretty, though substantial volume. — Mr. Bohn's "Standard Library," for September, presents us with a continuation of MARY HOWITT'S translations of *Frederika Bremer's Works*. The volume contains some of the clearest Swede's best stories—as "A Diary," "The H— Family," and several minor tales, and the unusually skilful and curious Love Correspondence between Axel and Anna, are also included. — Ingram and Cooke's "Universal Library" for the month, also consists of some of Frederika Bremer's tales, among which are *The Neighbours* and *The Twins*. There are some illustrations, the price is very low, and the print good. — *Gertrude and Eudalie*; or, *School-day Friendship*, by GEORGINA E. HULSE (Routledge and Co.), inculcates the necessity for dutifulness, and shows how loving schoolfellows become well ordered, men and women. It is neatly written and well got up. — *Fitz-Ahoy, the First Lord Mayor: a Tale of the Drapers' Company*, by Mrs. E. M. STEWART, is the tenth and last of Messrs. Ingram and Cooke's "London City Tales." *Fitz-Ahoy* possesses the merit of imparting some information respecting the first lord mayor, and of introducing more than one real personage of history. We have in *Fitz-Ahoy*, for instance, Prince John and the Archbishop of Canterbury, besides many of the early governors of the Drapers' Company, who ruled in days when the leaders of this rich corporation themselves waited on their more distinguished guests at luxurious feasts. — Chapman's Library for the People, for September, consists of the singular story of Albert Durer's career, entitled *The Artist's Married Life*. — *The Old House by the River*, by the author of *The Owl Creek Letters*, is a story full of tritenesses, and teeming with didactical passages. The volume has been got up both cheaply and well by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. — *Christmas Evening Legends*; or, *Old Neighbourhoods and New Settlements*, by Mrs. EMMA NEVITT SOUTHWORTH, is a collection of trifling but not simple stories. They are imported from America, together with portraits of the authoress and her cottage, which form the frontispiece and vignette, and are rather startling in appearance. — THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A., has edited, and Messrs. Burton and Co. have published, a delightful American story entitled *I've been Thinking*. The story is by A. S. Koe (we presume a lady); and it depicts the moral and social reform produced in a large district in America by three well-educated youths. The volume forms the first of the "Run

and Read Library," and will gain the series a reputation. We would hint to the publishers, however, that good tales from across the Atlantic may be safely republished without such clipping as Mr. Tayler has bestowed on this. — *The Curse of Clifton*, by Mrs. SOUTHWORTH (Clarke, Beeton, and Co.), is a tale of a numerous class now publishing in the cheap libraries, and which depend more upon notes of admiration, disjointed sentences, surprising incidents, than on polished language or sensible writing. A dangerous book. — *The Websters*, by EDWARD WHITFIELD (E. J. Whitfield, 178, Strand), is a short domestic story, told with some grace, and inculcating a wholesome moral. — *Waverley Novels*, "Library Edition" (A. and C. Black) The seventeenth volume comprises *St. Roman's Well*. It is splendidly printed, and has two illustrations on steel.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Bridemaid, Count Stephen, and other Poems. By MARY C. HUME. London: Chapman.

THE literary world must be astonished to learn that plain, unimaginative, statistical Joseph Hume has a daughter who follows the *ignis fatuus* of fancy, and the impalpability of myth and metaphor. Such is, however, the fact; and the proofs of it are sundry published poems, marked by great inequalities of merit. It is singular that, in the construction of verse, the daughter lacks what in politics the father so eminently possesses,—namely, method, care, and application to those small details which help to make great triumphs. We are pained to observe how many fine thoughts and figures are in these poems made ungracious by inartistic expressions. Miss Hume, with a mind capable of giving poetic colour to common things, has yet been supremely indifferent to euphony; but we will not here insist on a graver charge than that she has overlooked the poet's art in the anxiety to utter rapidly and at once what was uppermost in the mind.

Poetry is articulated music; and the unobstructed issue of the articulation constitutes excellence. Every immortal poem has demanded and obtained ample mechanical skill and strict revision; therefore, for the future, let Miss Hume understand that the highest soul of song is not independent of mechanical contrivance. What if the brain of Phidias or Michael Angelo could conceive exquisite and rapturous forms, yet that which can only appeal to us, the dead substance which looks instinct with life, owes its success to those simple tools, the mallet and chisel. We regard the book under notice only as a promise and an indication that Miss Hume has the poet's aspiration, and, we might add, inspiration. Her next work—that is, if she follow the bent of her mind, and seek, to quote her own words,

In fancy's realms for flowers, wherewith to wreath
The brow of truth,

will be better for the objection we have taken to this. We have written "more in sorrow than in anger," because we have seen how easily the ability to construct a poem may be marred by hurry or inattention.

The Crook and the Sword, The Heir of Lorn, and other Poems. By FRANCIS FITZHUGH. London: Theobald.

THE *Crook and the Sword* is an infelicitous title for a poem, infelicitous because ambiguous. No one can divine the character or subject of the poem by this inapt appellation; and certainly it is ill adapted to the simply domestic narrative of the verse. We have here a tale, and a very instructive and artless one it is, told by an old soldier who, before wielding a destructive weapon on the battle-field, shouldered the peaceful implement of a shepherd's life—hence the *Crook and the Sword*. It is an old story indeed, old almost as human nature; and its sad circumstances more familiar and frequent now than of old. But no theme is too aged nor too well-known when the poet uses it as a means of inculcating virtue, temperance, love, and a repentance for wrongs inflicted. Such has been Mr. Fitzhugh's aim, and he has not failed. The old soldier's rhymed autobiography, told in these pages, is one with which our almshouses and madhouses are acquainted, and of which the dark arches of Waterloo-bridge have their share of knowledge. The confiding girl transferred from her childhood's home to a husband's dwelling; first overwhelmed with large affection and minute attentions; then neglected and finally deserted, "to abide the pelting of the pitiless storm,"—is the miserable object of those

casualties which mock alike at humanity and legislature.

Love might survive the storms of want—though we are infidel enough to think that its white wing is soiled by the process; but it cannot long survive the curse of dissipation. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Fitzhugh's unpretending tale, with its excellent moral, may be read by those who sin, or have a tendency to sin, against the religion of love, and the sacredness of the domestic hearth. The story is marked more by smoothness than power, more by grace than energy; but it has high claims to pleasing and useful monition.

The *Heir of Lorn* is wholly different in character and construction. It is legendary, chivalrous, more rugged and more nervous than the preceding tale. There is the wildness of superstition about it, founded on Scotland's early history; and its treatment generally inclines us to the opinion that Mr. Fitzhugh, with more freedom and force of utterance, of which he is capable, may eclipse his former labours, as the vigorous and broad-leaved oak outstretches the smooth yet graceful ash.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IN a letter addressed to the Stoweites of England and Scotland, "a Briton" gives us some truly *Plain Speaking about American Slavery* (Hope and Co.) The writer warns English and Scottish sentimentalists and blind enthusiasts, that their agitation here cannot influence the subject of slavery in the United States, and that political interference will be as powerless as it will appear impertinent to our cousins. The author introduces other questions, as the problem of the possible independent continued existence and extension of the dark races of man—the desirability of turning the fashionable philanthropy of the day into some more useful channel, &c. The letter is distinguished by shrewdness, originality, and boldness, and the writer has well thought out his subject. It is the cleverest and most practical politico-social pamphlet we have seen for a long time, and as appropriate as it is clever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends: A Chronicle of Life Assurance. By JOHN FRANCIS. London: Longmans. 1853.

A NEAT little volume, of some hundred and fifty pages perhaps—giving an account of the earliest endeavours to eliminate the doctrine of probabilities, unpretentiously informing us upon the gradual development of a system which is now completely radiated through every corner of this land, and tersely summarising the most celebrated cases that have arisen out of that system—would have been very instructive to all, and might have been even amusing to persons interested in the facts; but this is not the sort of work Mr. Francis has given us. On the contrary, he has trusted too much to his imagination, and too much to the indolent credulity with which the multitude is accustomed to accept everything they see written in a book; and therefore is it that, mingled with a little of what is true, and a great deal of what is possible, we find an immense preponderance of facts, which, if not absolutely impossible, are at least highly improbable. It certainly looks very like fiction when, in a book that professes to give an accurate history of a particular branch of business, most striking cases are quoted without the shadow of an authority, and are in many instances without the meagre proof afforded by names. One case, in particular, we may cite in support of this, which, if it were verified, would be unquestionably the most extraordinary case mentioned in the book. It is a case of fraud upon insurers, and is spoken of as occurring "about 1730." It would seem, from the narration of Mr. Francis, that two individuals, apparently standing towards each other in the relation of father and daughter, took up their abode in St. Giles's. The father insured his daughter's life with certain private assurers; for at this time all the business of assurance was carried on by private hands. Soon after this, the lady was apparently taken ill, seemed to die in the presence of a leech, and was to all appearance buried under the superintendence of the searchers, who then had to look into those matters; the underwriters paid the policies, and the inconsolable father disappeared. Some time had elapsed when, in the neighbourhood of Queen's-square, then a fashionable locality, a dashing but somewhat ancient military-looking gentleman came to reside

with his young mistress; when, marvellous to relate, after large insurances had been effected upon her life, she too was apparently taken ill, she too seemed to die attended by physicians, and she too was to all appearances buried; in this case also the underwriters paid, and the gallant captain suddenly disappeared. A few years later, a respectable-looking old gentleman suddenly appeared at Liverpool in the guise of a merchant; his business was flourishing, his house was hospitable, and the honours of his table were done by a young lady whom he gave out to be his niece. Our readers will be surprised to hear that in this third instance the same comedy was played over—policies, physicians, coffin, and disappearance. "It need not be repeated," adds Mr. Francis, "that the poverty-stricken gentleman of the suburbs, the gambling captain of Queens-square, and the merchant of Liverpool, were identical. That so successful a series of frauds was practised appears wonderful at the present day; but that the woman either possessed the power of simulating death, of which we read occasional cases in the remarkable records of various times, or that the physicians were deceived or bribed, is certain." But Mr. Francis does not quote the slightest scrap of authority in support of this marvellous story, one single name upon which to hang a hypothesis. The only date we have is "about 1730." To enumerate all the cases of this sort quoted, and which must be utterly useless to the inquiring student from the want of proper evidence to support them, would be a tedious, not to say useless, task. The real student will never condescend to Mr. Francis for his facts; and as for the general reader, this suspicion of fiction will impart rather a zest than otherwise to the performance.

As a collection of anecdotes upon the subject of life assurance, this book is sufficiently amusing. It is possible that a few hours' gossip with the leading actuaries of the day, would put Mr. Francis in possession of the whole material; but if not very recalcitrant, it is certainly pleasant reading. Observe, therefore, that, though we abominate this book as a history, we think it very fair as a Joe Miller for the actuaries; that is to say, if those grave and learned gentlemen are capable of unbending jocularity—a fact which we very much doubt. The difficulties to be contended with before proper tables could be constructed; the blunders made; how life assurance was originally nothing but a system of betting, in which one man betted against another upon the life of a third individual (for the Act to restrain uninterested persons from insuring the lives of others had not then passed, and men had the fearful power of becoming pecuniarily interested in the lives of any of their fellow creatures); all these matters, and much more, are told pleasantly and graphically enough. At one time every matter of public interest was eagerly seized upon as an object for this gambling species of insurance. The rebellion of 1745, the fate of the Pretender, the execution of Lord Lovat, the fate of Byng, all furnished business for the insurers. The *London Chronicle*, in 1698, gives the following list of matters to be speculated upon, copied from the walls of Lloyd's Coffee-house:—

Mr. Wilkes being elected member for London, which was done from 5 to 10 guineas per cent.

Mr. Wilkes being elected member for Middlesex, from 20 to 70 guineas per cent.

Alderman Bond's life for one year, now doing at 7 per cent.

On Sir J. H. being turned out in one year, now doing at 20 guineas per cent.

"On John Wilkes's life for one year, now doing at 5 per cent.—N.B. Warranted to remain in prison during that period.

"On a declaration of war with France or Spain in one year, 8 guineas per cent.

"But," continues the same journal, "when policies come to be opened on two of the first peers in Britain losing their heads at 10s. 6d. per cent., and on the dissolution of the present parliament within one year at 5 guineas per cent., which are now actually doing, and underwritten chiefly by Scotsmen, at the above coffee-house, it is surely high time to interfere."

Perhaps the most absurd of these subjects for insurance was the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon, who promised to attend at a coffee-house in the City and settle the question to the satisfaction of the Stock-Exchange. An immense crowd came to meet him, or her; when the Chevalier declared that "he came to prove that he belonged to that sex whose dress he wore, and challenged anyone there to disprove his manhood with sword or with cudgel." These absurd insurances were put an end to by Lord Mansfield's decision, that a policy

of assurance, although not even on life, when entered into without an insurable interest, were against the purport of the Act recently passed, and contrary to English notions of morality.

The celebrated case of Godsell the coachmaker, who insured the life of Mr. Pitt with the Pelican Office, for the amount of a debt due to him by that statesman, but which debt was paid off by the executors, and the policy held to be void for want of insurable interest, is worthy of notice. The blunder into which the Government was led by Mr. Finlaison's tables is not less interesting. By these tables a man of ninety, by paying 100*l.*, might receive an annuity of 62*l.*, which was right enough if calculated upon the average lives of men, but altogether absurd if applied to select lives. The gentlemen of the Stock-Exchange were not slow to avail themselves of this blunder, and the Marquis of Hertford is said to have augmented his ill-spent wealth by operating upon these annuities. Search was made in the Highlands and all the healthier districts of the country for nonagenarians, upon whose lives annuities were forthwith purchased; and then so assiduously were the annuitants cared for in the way of comforts and physicians, that Mr. Goulburn had to suspend the issue of such annuities.

The story of Thomas Griffith Wainwright, (*alias* James Weathercock) is given at full length.

With reference to the broad principles of life assurance, Mr. Francis says little, and with what he does say we cannot coincide. Those who feel interested in the success of the really sound offices will look upon the following as an opinion of very doubtful morality:—

That there are enough and to spare of companies none can doubt. That some are in a position from which their customers would justly shrink is probable; and that others would be found insolvent if strictly examined, is to be feared. But, with all this, they are indisputably beneficial to the cause they represent, as they are spreading its knowledge and pressing its necessity, with the earnest spirit of men whose existence depends on the number of their proselytes.

So that, in the opinion of Mr. Francis, it is not necessary for an office to be in a solvent position, provided only it spreads the knowledge of the cause it represents. Never mind about the roguery, never mind the men of straw who are upon the board, never mind the victims who are sacrificed; if the affair be only properly circularised, if puffs and advertisements be thickly and judiciously applied, these little venial drawbacks should all be forgiven—for does not the office, Anglo-Bengalee though it be, spread the knowledge of the great principle of life assurance.

The fact is, that life assurance, properly regarded, is a very useful and a very beneficial sort of business. It is an excellent improvement of the famous "old stocking" of our grandfathers. The stocking may have a hole in its toe, through which the guineas may leak; but, generally speaking, it will be found to be all correct. One slight advantage the stocking has which the insurance office does not invariably possess, which is, that when the money is there you can always get it out without the trouble of a law-suit. As we write this, a case reported in the paper of the day catches our eye—*Foster v. The Mentor Life Assurance Company*; the facts are instructive. Foster is one of the principal officers of the Britannia Insurance Company, and he brings an action to recover 5000*l.*, being the amount of a policy in the possession of the latter office, effected with the former upon the life of the late Count d'Orsay. Payment was resisted on the ground that, at the time the assurance was made, the Count was suffering from a disease of the spine, which ultimately caused his death; and thus, therefore, instead of his being a favourable life for insurance, he was, in point of fact, in a dying state. We need hardly add that the verdict was for the plaintiff for the full amount. Comment upon such a case is needless; but then, as Mr. Francis would say, it spreads a knowledge of the system.

Memoirs of a Stomach, written by himself, that all who eat may read. With Notes, critical and explanatory. By a Minister of the Interior. London: Painter. 1853.

Or all the members of the human frame, the stomach is, undoubtedly, most entitled to sympathy and compassion. No wonder that it often revolts against the treatment to which it is exposed, and breaks out into open rebellion. Its interests are never heeded till indigestion and dyspepsia compel investigation and inquiry, and lead to the application of remedies which are

frequently worse than the disease. Year after year it is the recipient of ill-cooked and unwholesome viands, streams of alcoholic fluids, and poisonous drugs furtively introduced into every article of human food. It is fit, therefore, that the stomach's advocate should be allowed a patient hearing, in whatever guise he chooses to plead his client's cause, or how fanciful soever the literary garb in which he has arrayed himself.

We will not attempt to dissect this slight but well-meant brochure. It abounds in truisms with which everyone who has studied the philosophy of the dinner-table will be disposed to agree; *ex. gr.*, that conversation at the social meal assists digestion,—that exercise and cheerfulness of temper are the best cures for dyspepsia,—that all medicine is an abomination, unless absolutely required by the necessities of the system,—with other equally well-ascertained and incontrovertible facts. In making these remarks, we do not wish to disparage a work which hosts of people will read with interest; for the subject comes home to "men's business and bosoms," and no one will be tired of hearing (when a sensible person can be found to discourse thereon) of the means by which "the entire corporeal system" can be kept in health and comfort; "so that when life is yielded up to its great Giver, memory may be eloquent of past blessings, and gratitude and love may help to gently release the spirit from the miracle of life."

One extract from the "Memoirs" will suffice to show the character and style of the work. Such of our readers as are familiar with university life will admit the fidelity of the following sketch:

THE UNIVERSITY BREAKFAST.

My college career was ushered in by suppers delayed till the morning, and breakfasts till noon. Such breakfasts, too! Being used to a mug of tea, and a round of dear, simple bread and butter, conceive my consternation when a heterogeneous mass was driven into my luckless interior, including every known condiment, and every unknown compound under the sun. Devilish kidneys and moselle; cocoa and curacao; coffee and cognac; anchovy paste and pigeon pie; mushrooms, marmalade, and potted char; liver, caviar, patés de foies gras; dried fish, Catalonian hams, and Archangel deer tongues; all these, with many other minor delicacies too numerous to mention, very often constituted my first meal; and out of this melange I was expected to select the good from the bad, without grumbling at the additional labour. My friend and relative, Mr. Head, too, had his tasks to perform; and never did two cab-horses on a (people's) holiday work harder than we did; but at length, just as he passed his "little go," I broke completely down, and from sheer incapacity was not to be removed by whip or spur. In vain they tried all sorts of drams and stimulants; I had become so used to them, their effects had ceased. In vain little round pellets of mercury were sent to try their effect. The god himself might have shaken his caduceus in my face with no result. In fact, I could not, would not, stir; and it was only after a long course of almost starvation that I consented to resume my duties, and then only by slow degrees.

CAPTAIN WARNER, of "long range" notoriety, has issued a pamphlet recapitulating some of the facts brought out in the discussion of the merits of his invention, and detailing how and by whom he has been slighted and despised. We have carefully examined his story, and honestly believe he has made out a strong case for prompt and fair inquiry. Why is it denied? We are unwilling to accept the Captain's reply. Yet these *Facts and Documents relating to the National Defences*, which he now addresses to the people for their consideration, almost destroy our faith in the impartiality and good sense of the Ordnance and the Admiralty. Captain Warner makes a fair offer. By way of proving the efficacy of his invention, he will undertake from an ordinary merchantman to destroy ten sail of the line, and he would successfully defy them to harm him or his craft if they attempt to give chase. Either Captain Warner is a huge charlatan or a very ill-used man. If the former, he has lost twenty-three years of labour, a moderate fortune, and his good name, to gain nothing but abuse, and neglect, and derision. Any way, he is unfortunate; and we can but ask fairer play, and wish for him better success, henceforth.—*Bacon's Essays and Locke on the Reasonableness of Christianity* are contained in one shilling part of the "Universal Library." There are also numerous illustrations and a short memoir of Locke,—a marvel of cheapness.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *London Quarterly Review* (No. I. Partridge and Oakley) is another offspring of a race now so rapidly dying out—but not a degenerate offspring. It has a purpose—that of reflecting the philosophy, the prin-

ciples, and the progress of Wesleyan Methodism. In the number before us we find much careful, but little eloquent writing—much laborious working up of subjects, but little of the earnest outpourings of strong conviction. The tone is discreet, and the whole performance gentlemanly. Methodism needed an organ to rescue it from the hands of wranglers and ignoramus; and in the *London Quarterly* such a one is promised. The number contains ten articles. "Christian Populations of the Turkish Empire" collects a numerous body of facts on this important subject—asserts that Mahometanism is opposed to progress in the East, and that Christian institutions have not been and cannot be safely established in the Ottoman Empire. Russian efforts, during the past two centuries, are traced, and the writer doubts not that the empire of Turkey must ere long die. He would not have Russia as its ruler, for this would be to exchange a bad master with a weak arm for a somewhat better master with an iron arm. "Wesley and his Critics" is an examination of the chief of the works which have been written about Wesley—a reply to those disparaging, and a laudation of the approvers. The remainder of the papers are "Forbes's Memorandums in Ireland," "Cryptogamic Vegetation," "Modern and Medieval Hygiene," "Secularism, its Logic and Appeals" (a lecture for Holyoake and his followers), "Public Education," "Ultramontanism," "India under the English," and "Spirit Rappings and Table-Movings," which are denounced as a monstrous delusion.

Blackwood, unlike a sensible Scotchman, has in this holiday-time commenced a cry of "Nationality"—an appeal to England for "justice," more money, more grants. Unlike a sensible Scotchman, too, it uses baseless arguments to prove that England treats Scotland unfairly. For instance, it says that the Scottish metropolis is compelled to maintain its own police, while the police of London and Dublin are paid out of the Imperial revenue. Now, if the grumbler in *Blackwood* does not know this to be incorrect, we are sure the proprietor does; his police papers, delivered with half-yearly regularity at Paternoster-row, will have taught him the truth, i.e., that the Cockneys pay a very heavy police rate. But *Blackwood's* whole complaint of the maltreatment of Scotland since the Union is an absurdity. At all events, Scotchmen form a majority in the present ministry (a proof how much Scotchmen are slighted), and are, therefore, in the best of all positions to ensure justice to fatherland. The other articles are—an entertaining account of a very sensible book on London by a German, who had taken the pains properly to understand this huge metropolis; "Coral Rings;" "The Extent and the Causes of our Prosperity;" "New Readings in Shakspeare" (tiresome in treatment as of subject); and some tales.

The *Illustrated London Magazine* is the third number of a new periodical of much pretension. Mr.

Richard Brinsley Knowles is editor, and he has got together a varied, useful, and entertaining list of contents. The work is also well illustrated, and forms an attractive and cheap edition to our periodical literature. Among the papers in the present number are "A Torch Hunt in Tennessee," "Sea-bathing and the Sea-side," "Rice Culture in the United States," "Steam to Australia," "A Fisherman's Sketches in Norway and Sweden," "Montenegro," "Table-moving," and a host of other sketches, tales, and descriptive articles.

The *Dublin University Magazine* is dull as the season itself. An interesting account of recent discoveries in Syria and the Holy Land is given. The remainder of the contents we can only catalogue thus:—"Recent Poems;" "The Flowers of the Affections;" "Industrial Education;" "Irish Rivers;" "Geology;" "Dr. O'Sullivan's Remains." This is worse, though, by-the-by, more national than *Blackwood's* nationality cry.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is great on the Byzantine Cæsars; and the State-papers of Henry the Eighth, and the Grenville Correspondence, occupy a fair share of the number. Besides "Wanderings of an Antiquary," in chapter thirteen of which an interesting Roman villa at Bognor is revealed, there is other matter of much value for the antiquary.

The *Eclectic Review* is less sedate than we remember to have seen it. Its topics are "The Philosophy of Help" (apropos of Mayhew's little book on the *Greatest Plague of Life*); "The American Poets" (an excellent article); "Taylor's Life of Haydon;" and "Merivale's Fall of the Roman Republic." And then for its more serious readers are "The French Pulpit—Fléchier;" "Felice's History of the Protestants of France;" and "Vaughan's Monograph on Wycliffe." An excellent number.

Hogg's Instructor has a paper on D'Israeli, which tries to establish a most difficult argument—that the persecutor of Peel really has a faith and a guiding principle. It is Judaism—a desire and determination to see his struggling brethren free. The instance is an unhappy one for the writer's credit. D'Israeli has long ago abandoned the cause of the Israelites, and in the most open manner. "Love in Idleness" progresses, but gains rather in heaviness than in interest. There is a noteworthy paper on Milton, and some dozen other contributions follow.

The *National Miscellany* has an account of "The Cid;" "A few Words on Legendary Art;" "A few Notes from the Nile;" "The Foundling Hospital of Paris;" "The Public Character;" and other equally unattractive articles.

The *Church of Scotland Magazine and Review*, as the advocate of the northern Evangelists, is active and talented. The present number contains a careful and elaborate account of the position and attitude of "Tractarianism in Scotland," and articles on "Training Systems," "The Irreligion and Vice of our Great

Cities," "Chronicle of Missions," and several other very interesting subjects.

The *Scottish Magazine and Churchman's Review*, besides some original papers, has a large collection of the *Church News of Scotland*.

The *Scottish Educational and Literary Journal* continues its clever essays for schoolmasters, and its still more clever "Literary Letters from London," for general readers.

The *Portrait Gallery*, part XXI. contains portraits of Sir W. Jones, Bentham, Jenner, Charles James Fox, Goethe, Laplace, and Flaxman.

The *Poultry Book* for September is learned and practical, as usual, on domestic birds; and the coloured illustrations are alike good and novel.

The *Home Companion* has vastly improved in the hands of its new publishers; but even now too much prominence is given to exciting fictions, as for instance, Mr. Ainsworth's *Star Chamber*.

The *Cyclopædia of Useful Arts* has reached its thirty-fifth part, and to the subject "Steam."

The *Cyclopædia Bibliographia* progresses rapidly, having reached the letter "M."

Diogenes has not yet forgotten the cab strike, and is funny on the naval review.

The following minor monthlies have also reached us:—

Willis's Price Current of Literature.

The Educational Expositor.

The Family Treasury.

Home Thoughts.

The True Briton.

The Charm.

The *Art Journal* for September presents us with George Jones's "Utrecht," and Stothard's "A Mythological Battle," from the Vernon Gallery, and a fine engraving also of MacDowell's group of "Virginus." Jane Hay's "Illustrated Almanac of the Month" is simple, but hardly effective. "The Great Masters of Art," and "An Artist's Ramble from Antwerp to Rome," are continued with good effect; and the contents of the number are otherwise varied and entertaining.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature is understood to number among its contributors the best of the American authors; but every paper is strictly anonymous, so that the parentage can only be guessed from the style. We doubt the policy of this; for a man who has achieved a fame will be more likely to write with care when he is responsible for what he writes, than when he shields himself under the anonymous. But this American magazine can afford to rest on its own merits. Its prose and poetry are much above the general standard of magazine writing, and the subjects so well handled are very various. "Curiosities of Puritan History" is really what it is termed. The Crystal Palace, of course, occupies a conspicuous place.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

WHAT is really the condition of Turkey at the present hour? Is it in a state of confirmed and incurable decline, or merely "reculant pour mieux sauter," and on the point of redeveloping its old military strength and internal resources, commercial and agricultural? Has it a chance of success in the event of a collision with the Russian Bear, and can the chaotic elements of varying nationalities and religions which it contains be fused into a harmonious and powerful unity? These are questions interesting not only to the closet-student of man and his institutions, or to the philosophic traveller, or the calculating statesman, but to the whole of Europe, whose peace and quietness depend upon the answer which Destiny will give them; for, in the event of a war of any continuance between Turkey and Russia, who can say that there will not ensue a general conflagration, and a repetition of the incidents of '48 on a still more alarming and tremendous scale? In England, the condition of Turkey question is treated, like every other, from the point of view of determined partisanship; this observer seeing in Turkey nothing that is not good—that one nothing that is not bad; and, amid the conflict of exaggerative assertions and declamations, truth, as usual, goes to the wall! Opportunely at this moment, therefore, appears a second edition of M. Ubicini's lucid,

instructive, and, above all, candid and impartial *Letters on Turkey* ("Lettres sur la Turquie"), originally written to the *Moniteur* from the region which it handles, and in which the author resided for several years, with every facility for research and observation. Welcome indeed, in the controversy now raging, is a contribution like this, full of facts and figures, giving with the utmost distinctness, and yet in the briefest compass, an account of the political, social, commercial, religious, and literary organisations of Turkey, much completer, probably, than any we possess of any other European country. Turkey is generally considered a despotism in the strictest sense of the word; but, in M. Ubicini's description of it, the essentially democratic nature of the Turkish constitution (for there is one, and one as well defined as that of England itself) comes out with great saliency. All true believers are equal, and the Sultan is but a political expedient for governing. Nor does his power extend beyond that which an oriental commander-in-chief exercises over his officers and his soldiery. He can decapitate grand viziers, strangle members of his own family, dispossess pashas, and confiscate their property; but he cannot, of his own motion, touch a hair of the head or a farthing of the money belonging to the meanest of his subjects not in the official employment of the state. The consequence is, that the functionaries and officials who swarm in Turkey, as in other eastern countries, are looked on with the utmost contempt, as, with all their privileges and emoluments, a pack of self-constituted slaves. Of the general moral character of the Turks, their probity and veracity

(very different from the trickery and mendacity of the Greeks), M. Ubicini speaks with the highest respect, and points to the all but complete absence of the crime of theft in the populous capital of Constantinople, as an irrefragable confirmation of his view. Polygamy, the great social evil of Mahomedanism, is visibly abating in Turkey. Slavery, another and a great evil, is profoundly mitigated and humanely modified by unwritten law and custom, so as to be infinitely less severe than the system in the southern states of America; and wise Americans might study with profit the arrangements which in Turkey provide for the partial freedom of some classes of slaves, and the possibility of manumission for all. M. Ubicini, however, is not blind to the obvious defects of the Turkish organisation. Justice may be administered with a swiftness and simplicity unknown in the rest of Europe; but pashas are often tyrannical and predatory, despite all the rescripts and lectures of the Divan. Financial corruption, and consequently financial deficiency, extensively prevails. The want of internal communications checks the progress of agriculture and commerce. Yet, on the whole, as contrasted with its immediate past, he looks hopefully to the immediate future of Turkey. When Sultan Mahmoud died in 1839, with his great reforming experiments unfinished, and but very slightly successful, leaving a young man of eighteen heir to the throne, a throne menaced by the Egyptian insurrection, the prospects of Turkey looked much more gloomy than they do now, when those reforms have been steadily and successfully carried out for a series of years—when the best talent of the empire has

been employed in improving the administration of justice, and in forwarding the progress of education—and when, last not least, the organising skill of the French has been successfully employed in disciplining and ordering the large armed forces of the empire. A description of the libraries of Constantinople has already been quoted in another part of the present journal, and by an esteemed contributor, from the work of M. Ubicini, in which, too, will be found an elaborate and interesting account of the origin and progress of the Turkish newspaper press. While Manchester has only four newspapers, Constantinople has thirteen: two in Turkish; four in French; four in Italian; one in Greek; one in Armenian; one in Bulgarian; and one in Russian. Of course, the Constantinopolitan press does not enjoy that perfect freedom which, under the happy constitution of these realms, is allowed to that of Britain; but it is probably quite as free as that of Paris, and has done eminent service by supporting, sometimes with considerable risk to itself, the series of innovating and progressive reforms with which the Government of Abd-ul-Mejid has honourably continued the noble exertions of Sultan Mahmoud.

The Royal Library of St. Petersburg has lately published its annual report for the past year; and the authorities of our British Museum might take a lesson from the industry and judgment displayed by the Hyperborean librarians of the metropolis of Russia. The catalogue of the St. Petersburg Library goes forward at a pace which shames the tardy progress of that of the Museum; while every book is entered three times, in an alphabetical catalogue, in a classified catalogue, and again in a catalogue which corresponds to the arrangements of the works upon the shelves. From the list given of accessions, it would appear that the St. Petersburg librarians do not, as do those of the Museum, subordinate the literature of their own country to that of every other, but lay stress on their acquisition of ancient Russian MSS. and works. In a different department of things, Tegoborski, the well-known Russian publicist, has brought out at Paris a third volume of his heavy but most instructive, and indeed unique *Studies on the Productive Powers of Russia* ("Études sur les Forces Productives de la Russie")—a book of which we may hereafter give some account to our readers. Tegoborski is a Russian and a Russian official, and may be well excused if he vaunts the capabilities of his colossal fatherland. But why should M. Zando, who is neither a Russian nor a Russian official, expose himself to ridicule by such an exaggerative panegyric as is his *Russia in 1850* ("La Russie en 1850"), in which he goes the length of praising up its scenery, and above all, its climate, as the finest in the world, laughing to scorn the popular delusion that it ever snows in the dominions of the Czar! Laudatory, but more excusably so, of Russian men and things, is the *Tour in Daghestan* ("Poutiechestvie po Daghestanu") of the Russian Berezin, with its notices of the ancient Tartar populations west of the Caspian (with their intermingled Jews, supposed to have originally settled there during the Babylonian captivity), and its disquisitions on the Russian war in the Caucasus. Berezin talks largely of the bravery of the Russian soldiers, and the patriotic gaiety with which they advance upon the foe, while the Circassians, he insinuates, owe a good deal of their valour to the inspirations of a Dutch courage strictly forbidden by the precepts of the Koran. Yet on the whole he is fair to the Circassians, and paints glowingly the marvellous agility of their mountainous leaps, as well as the noble appearance and way of life of that Caucasian Abd-el-Kader, the celebrated Schamyl.

A lively letter from Athens, in a recent number of the *Moniteur*, gives an interesting account of the life of the Athenian students who will one day, according to some enthusiastic speculators, be conducting Parliamentary discussions under a constitutional-imperial government at Constantinople. The life of the Athenian student seems very much to resemble that in the *Quartier Latin* at Paris; the same poverty, the same gaiety, perhaps a little more study; and certainly quite as great an exhibition of what our Scotch friends sardonically call "the gift of the gab,"—a Thucydidean "possession for ever" of all the members of the Hellenic race. One of the difficulties of the modern Greek literati is the transition state in which their fine language finds itself,—hovering as it does between ancient forms,

and a Neo-hellenic speech which time and culture have not yet ripened into perfect shape. It was to hasten this desirable consummation that in 1851 a Greek merchant, bearing the well-known name of Ralli, founded an annual prize for poetry, the competition to be open to all comers; and Zalacostus, the victor in two successive years (on the first occasion King Otho, with his own royal hands, laurel-crowning the poetic "champion of" Greece) has just published that which bore away the honours of 1852,—with the title of *Armatolos and Klephts* (Ἀρματολὸς καὶ Κλέπτης). The author is one of the soldiers of the war of independence, and has long been employed in the financial department of the Greek War-office,—cultivating simultaneously arithmetic and poetry. The subject is bloody and Neo-hellenic enough; the Armatolos being the name for the Greeks who, under the Turkish sway, performed the police of the roads; while the Klephts, as everybody knows, were the rebels who, in and from their mountain-refuges, waged a guerilla-war with their foreign oppressors. Chloros, an Armatole of Janina, has given his daughter Despos in marriage to the handsome Centros, and not to his servant Photos, who had put in a claim for it. Photos, in disgust, turns Klepht, and in the course of that life falls in with and captures Centros, the husband, and Lamprinus, the brother, of his charmer and his scornee. Not content with such a capture, the vindictive Photos gets up a plot which shall lead Lamprinus to fall by the hand of his own father. The latter is tricked into a belief that at midnight of a certain day, Photos will come alone to a certain chapel to present a candle to the Virgin. Thither repairs the father with his daughter, dreaming of revenge (for there is a rumour abroad that Centros has been murdered), and with men and fire-arms. A figure approaches; they fire a volley at him; but he escapes and turns out to be Lamprinus, whose approach to the chapel had been calculated by the artful Photos. Centros, too, escapes; and the whole closes with a grand fight between him and his, and Photos and his, in a mountain-defile, in which the amorous ex-domestic and his fellow-Klephts are, every man of them, knocked on the head.

Our Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, *Ivry*, and the *Armada*, have just appeared at Leipzig in a very tolerable German translation; and the German critics are pleased to find that, like Voltaire and Schiller, our celebrated countryman is both a poet and a historian. Of two new contributions to that ever-widening region of German print, Goethe-literature, one is a rather impudent piece, in which Goethe himself is made to figure—Herr C. Arthur Müller's *Goethe-Tasso: a Dramatic Poem, in one Act* ("G. T. Dramatisches Gedicht," &c.) The partly unscrupulous and partly ignorant author has made Goethe's *Tasso* arise out of a supposed passionate and unreturned attachment of the great German for Duchess Louisa of Weimar, and has inwoven with this fiction sentiments and adventures as false and anachronistic as the language which conveys them is commonplace. The Germans pass for being a modest and veracious people; but in literature they certainly sometimes do very impudent things! The other contribution is authentic, and in its way interesting:—*Correspondence between Goethe and State-Councillor Schulz, with an Introduction by the Editor, H. Duntzer* ("Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe," &c.)—the same Duntzer who is already favourably known in connection with more than one enterprise in the domain of Goethe-literature. The editor's introduction is a biographical sketch of Schulz himself, who appears to have been a rather interesting person, and the type of an obdurate class, which, to judge from the lucubrations of some Berlin journalists, is still far from extinct in Germany. A West-Prussian, and born in 1781, carefully educated in literature and art, and entering the official service of Prussia, Schulz combined with great warmth of domestic and personal affection a sort of sullen and immovably stern attachment to standing in the ancient ways, which no expostulation or consideration of any kind could modify. Rising in the service of his country to fill the responsible post of Regierungs-Commissär to the new University of Berlin, founded on the principles of Stein and his school, and with the co-operation of Raumer and Schleiermacher, Schulz would hear of no defection from the principles of Absolutism, and, supported for a little by the Berlin Tories of the old school, they deserted him when he fell. Retiring into private life and to Wetzlar, he amused him-

self with the cultivation of art and science, and, having had his attention turned to chromatics, he became a convert to the doctrines laid down in Goethe's *Farben-lehre*. This was enough to secure the friendship and correspondence of the ancient poet, who thought much less of his Faust and Meister than of his theory of colours; saying once: "Luther fell heir to the errors of Popery; Napoleon to the first French Revolution; and I—to the Newtonian theory of optics!" Neither Schulz nor Goethe were mathematicians, and both preferred the intuitional-objective mode of dealing with science to the mathematical. And so the two worthies kept writing to each other about their chromatics; Schulz occasionally letting out a burst of Toryism, and Goethe so responding as—to encourage him in his devotion to the *Farben-lehre*!

Adolph Stahr, who, though a German, is a lively and amusing writer, lately addressed a warm expostulation to George Sand, on the unnaturalness and other sinfulness of the characters and incidents in her pretty recent novel of *Mont Revêche*. What will he say to her newest one, *Les Maîtres Sonneurs*?—in which figure the muleteers, woodcutters, and peasants of Berry and the Bourbonnais, and the hero of which is an extraordinary rustic, whose "agricultural mind" is inspired by the idea of music: *tenui meditatur avenâ*! not without a heroine of humble life, to encourage and sympathise with his melodious efforts. The great Alexandre Dumas finds himself not sufficiently busy, and, not to sink into entire idleness, has begun a grand historical drama to fill up the vacant moments which the simultaneous composition of some dozen novels and his hundred-volumed memoirs leave on his active hands. The great Doctor Veron, once of the *Constitutionnel*, threatens him with a rivalry in the memoir-way; and his autobiography is waited for by eager Paris, still agape for more private anecdotes of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, of Hugo, Balzac, and the rest of that fraternity!

Guizot has brought out a new and complete work, exclusively elucidative of that mediæval scholastic life-tragedy, the story of Abelard and Heloise; and a Yankee, "Mr. Wight, the translator of Cousin's *History of Philosophy*, and the editor of the American edition of Sir William Hamilton's works, has turned aside from his severer metaphysical studies, to present to English readers, in a complete connected form, the touching *Romance of Abelard and Heloise*," says Norton's (*New York*) *Literary Gazette*. M. de Lomenie, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is resuming his most amusing papers on Beaumarchais, founded on unpublished family documents, and is fairly in the midst of the indefatigable Frenchman's dealings with the American insurgent colonists—dealings on the largest scale, which are now completely illuminated. Instead of for ever bringing out dull documents about their own dull obscurities of that era, the Americans should get up some sketch of Beaumarchais' intromissions with them and their officers. Perhaps they do not like to acknowledge the potency of the aid, in money and arms, which they received, then most gratefully, from France? Or perhaps they are ashamed of their treatment of poor Beaumarchais, whose just claims they then and ever afterwards "repudiated," beginning that bad course at the earliest epoch of their history as a nation? At last there come tidings of at least one new and original contribution to the contemporary literature of the States—*Calmstorm the Reformer, a Dramatic Comment*; a piece decidedly original, if not in form, at least in matter. Calmstorm is a reformer of the largest and purest kind—a sworn foe to all scheming politicians, stump-orators, and professional agitators. His noble mind is awfully tried by the spectacle of the various knaves who swarm in modern society, and select specimens of whom are presented to the audience, or rather to the reader, for *Calmstorm* has not yet been put upon the stage. About and to these worthies he speaks his mind pretty freely, even condescending to publicly advise a newspaper reporter on the propriety of giving a correct report of any noble sentiments that may be uttered in his presence. At last, so unpopular does he grow, he is fairly mobbed in a public square; but before he can be tarred and feathered, he dies suddenly of heartbreak, *coram populo*. Nor should a literary journalist omit to mention that among the characters introduced is one Slimely, a wicked newspaper editor—the first (but probably not the last) appearance of that type of man in the dignified, or would-be-dignified, poetry of nineteenth-century Anglo-Saxondom!

POLAND.

Marja Przes. ANTONEGO MALCZESKIEGO. ("Maria. By ANTONIO MALCZESKI.") Leipsic. THE literary progress of a people who have played and are still destined to play an important part in the transactions of Europe, is a subject interesting in itself, and never more so than at the present time, when the character, the capabilities, and probable future of the widely-spreading race to which they belong are pressed by force of events upon the most serious attention of the statesman and philosopher. A language uncongenial and little known to us, seals up this study to the English reader.

Our limits prevent us from penetrating far into a wide and most attractive field of inquiry; but it is singular that an unprecedented development of the genius of the people of Poland dates almost from the time of their servitude. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the slumber into which the Polish mind had been plunged by the influence of the Jesuits over the system of education, began to dissipate and yield before the renewed spirit of intellectual activity. Literary ardour was at first exhausted upon the French models of the seventeenth century, and the so-called French philosophy of the eighteenth; with one exception, the poetical type had received no impress of nationality. The evil was, perhaps, an inevitable one, belonging to the state of transition through which was passing a power untried and growing by imitation. The French idea reigned in Polish literature till between the years 1820 and 1825. Brodzinski, an author since dead, was one of the first founders of a national poetry. Mickiewicz appeared at the same moment, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the rising generation. Nor was their judgment defective, for the favourite poet of Poland has attained to European celebrity. J. B. Ostrowski, a man of distinguished talent and noble character, who has published works both in France and England—among them a *History of Poland*, and a small but remarkable production upon the state of the Russian empire, which proved a text-book to others—greatly contributed by his earlier writings to give impulse to the national movement.

At this period two schools were formed—the Classics, who adhered to Virgil and the French Models; and the Romantics, who, indeed, could scarcely be called a school; but under that name were enrolled the advocates for a new creation—a true and unfettered national literature. The principle was a great one, and led by natural consequence to the principle of national independence, while the arguments of its partisans became, in effect, appeals to the Revolution. Lamartine and Victor Hugo displaced their classic predecessors, and the English superseded the French taste. Shakspeare was not much read in Poland; but the admirers of Lord Byron were sufficiently numerous to form a separate school.

Thus the creation of national poetry preceded the revolution, and the catastrophe of 1831 only accelerated and extended the movement. Previous to 1830, the impulse was confined to the kingdom of Poland; afterwards the flame spread over all ancient Poland, notwithstanding the restrictions vainly imposed by the Muscovites and Germans in order to check the manifestation and efforts of the national spirit. As usual, the result of this persecution was to concentrate the strength of the opposing thought, and force to its development a more passionate energy. After 1830, a very numerous collection was made of popular traditional songs, according to a theory that the purest expression of the national sentiment should be sought amongst the peasants—a notion containing truth and error. The songs do not possess all the merit claimed for them; but their publication threw light upon the national character and the national sentiment. The works of the best Polish authors connected in this effort of intellectual regeneration, merit attention beyond the limits of their own country. Our present notice refers to a late edition of a poem by one of the earliest leaders in the battle for an independent national literature.

Antonio Malczeski was born at Volhynia, a province of Ancient Poland, in the year 1792. Two men, celebrated for their literary attainments and devoted to the national cause, Czacki and Niemcewicz, were instrumental in forming the poet's character; but his early education was entirely French, and, in later life, he commenced

the study of the Polish language, and created a work perfect both as a composition and as the ideal of Polish nationality.

Malczeski was a handsome man, and remarkable for external grace and polished manners; these circumstances, united to an education sufficiently lax, became the means of leading him into many temptations and consequent excesses. In 1811 he enrolled in the Polish army, and fought for the independence of his country, deluded like many others by the brilliant promises of a faithless ally. After the fatal result of the French expedition in 1812, he attached himself to the Czar Alexander, and was appointed one of his aides-de-camp. Distinguished for military talent, an honourable future appeared opening to Malczeski; but in 1816, in consequence of having broken his leg, he quitted the service. Urged either by restlessness or the love of travel, he traversed Germany, Italy, and France, spending in the pursuit of every folly a dissipated and adventurous life.

In 1821 he returned to Volhynia, and, fixing his residence in the country, applied in his retirement to serious studies. At this period he conceived the idea of his poem, based upon a true and tragical history.

A singular event disturbed Malczeski from his solitude and his studies, and exposed him to a new tempest which wrecked his existence. He was introduced to a Polish lady, Madame Ruaynska. She was young and beautiful, but she suffered from an illness supposed to be incurable. Malczeski undertook to restore her by magnetic process, and succeeded; at all events, the lady recovered, but inspired with an ardent affection for her physician, who returned the sentiment. The story of Lord Byron and his fair Italian was rehearsed in Poland; and the husband, with a rare notion of generosity, in order to secure the life and happiness of his wife, resigned her to Malczeski, and she accompanied him to Warsaw. There mournful reflections, failing health, and privations to which he was unaccustomed, embittered the remainder of his days. While under the influence of his unfortunate passion, steeped in poverty, and already in the shadow of approaching death, he composed *Marja*. It was first published at Warsaw in 1825, and the poet died neglected and unknown on the 2nd of May 1826. It required ten years before his countrymen arrived at the appreciation of this truly national work; but since that time, at various intervals, and at various places, have been issued four editions, the present one at Leipsic. In the year 1845 a monument was erected bearing the inscription, "To the Author of *Marja*." There is, we believe, a French translation of the poem, with copious notes.

Marja installed a new period in the development of Polish poetry, and overturned the dominion of French ideas and French literature. Strange that from the mind of a man whose conduct was distinguished by levity and irregularity, should have issued a creation profoundly tragic, characterised by elevation of thought and purity of sentiment. It presented, not so much the inspiration of the individual, as of the national spirit, tried and refined under its long martyrdom.

The foundation of the poem is historical. Stanislas Potocki, belonging to one of the most eminent families of the Polish aristocracy, was sincerely and passionately attached to Gertrude Kamaowski, also descended from a noble family, but lower in the aristocratic scale. Potocki married the unfortunate Gertrude; and their union was publicly solemnised, notwithstanding the opposition of the father, who meditated a terrible vengeance. On the 13th February 1771, Gertrude was carried from the house of her parents; and the subsequent crime long remained unknown, except to its author and executioners. In order to stifle the cries of their victim, these assassins covered her mouth, and she perished from suffocation. Her body was thrown into the river Bog. The husband made no effort to discover the fate of the woman he had loved and protected some time after their marriage. He travelled; and, upon his return, basely denied that she had ever been his wife. Probably he did not know the extent of his father's guilt. Upon these historic facts, Malczeski built his poem. The characters, the expressions, the scenery, the action is entirely Polish. The father of *Marja*, the Miecznik (or sword-bearer, an honorary function in ancient Poland), is an admirable type of the middle order of Polish nobility. The Miecznik's death was not invented. In

the year 1683, during the movements of that Polish army which saved Austria and Europe, a Polish knight, named Krasinski, an old man past seventy years, armed, and about to accompany the troops, repaired to perform his devotions at the chapel of the chateau. He continued long, and was found, by those who went in search, kneeling and leaning forward upon the altar; his hands raised in the attitude of the prayer in which he had expired.

It is impossible to describe the effect of this fine poem upon the susceptible spirit of its Polish readers. A friend, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, has witnessed one unable to repress his tears at the twentieth perusal. The Poles, perhaps, are the only people in Europe whose ardent love of country partakes of the nature of a religious enthusiasm. Malczeski's creation appears to embody the past and future of Poland—her regrets and aspirations, her glory and sufferings; and is prized by his countrymen as a faithful transcript of the national feeling. There is throughout a passionate energy, modulated by a tone of melancholy, which renders the poem extremely effective even to less sympathetic judges. The character of *Marja*, gentle and resigned in suffering, tender and devoted in her brief moment of happiness, is drawn with extreme delicacy. Not less perfect is that of the aged Miecznik, brave and stubbornly independent, but subdued by affection for his daughter, easily conciliated, and unsuspicious from honest simplicity of heart. The gloomy Palatine and his son betrayed are equally well delineated, especially in those passages where the young man, upon his father's promise to recognise the marriage, flies to rejoin his wife; at one moment hurried by tumultuous joy—the next, agitated by vague prophetic terrors. In the power of accurately expressing the most vivid and most tender emotions, lies the strength of this poet.

It would be easy to cite beauties from the tale of *Marja*; but unfortunately more than half their charm is shorn in the attempt at translation. No doubt the idea is the essence of true poetry, which never consists in the mere harmonious arrangement of words; but then the force of an idea, its clearness and completeness, depend materially upon the form in which it is embodied. In the following extracts we have adhered to the most literal rendering of the sense.

We quote a few lines from the admirable description of the journey of the Palatine's messenger, to whom he has confided a letter proposing reconciliation and alliance with the father of his son's wife.

THE COSSACK.

Upon thy rapid courser, Cossack, whither goest thou? Hast thou perceived a hare bounding over the vast plain? Or, borne by fiery thoughts, wouldst thou enjoy liberty, and rival for swiftness the winds of the Ukraine? Or, dost thou rush, impatiently murmuring thy plaintive song, to thy beloved, awaiting thee in the glittering fields of corn? For thy cap is drawn over thy brow, thou hast let the rein fall, and a long cloud of dust hangs upon thy track. Thy sunburnt features kindle with strange pleasure, that gleams like a distant ray over the desert plain. Thy horse, wild as thyself, yet docile, with neck outstretched cleaves the fierce wind. . . . They disappear in the beams of the setting sun! in their flight resembling wondrous messengers of heaven, and long, long and far return the echoes of the courser's tread. Far over these wide fields reigns a deep silence,—no longer is heard the joyous step of nobles, nor the knightly flourish. The pensive corn bends only to the sighing winds, and from grassy tombs issue the murmurs of those who lie with the faded crowns of their past glory,—fearful melody to more fearful words, waited to future ages by the spirit of ancient Poland. Ah, when the wild rose tree rears their sole monument, where throbs the heart that does not break for sorrow? The Cossack passed the bottomless swamps and the deep valleys, chosen ambush for the wolves and Tartars. He approached the cross rising upon a little hill, beneath which long ago a vampire had been laid to rest. Piously doffing his cap, he signed himself three times, then with the speed of lightning traversed the steppe. His bold courser fears no enchantments, but rears, snorts, neighs, and pushes forward. The sombre Bog under the granite rolls its silvery flood, and the faithful Cossack divines the thought of his master. The mill murmurs over the torrent, and spirits whisper in the running streams, and the faithful courser divines the thought of the Cossack. Through the enamelled meadows, through the high thistles, the timid lapwing flies not more rapidly. Poised like an arrow upon his lofty saddle, the wily Cossack stoops half hidden over his steed. King of the desert in these vast solitudes—steppe, steed, and Cossack, shadows with one soul. Who here shall trouble his wild joys? or who shall find him on his native plain?

THE CASTLE.

Speed, Cossack, speed! thy orders press. In the superb old castle what sudden changes! The Palatine and his son, so long estranged, have met and held a gracious conversation. Night advances; the castle reverberates with shouts of merriment. Night advances; toasts are given to the trumpet's sound. Old customs live again; the sumptuous banquet loads the festive tables brilliant with gold and silver. The lordly cellars open like friendly hearts, and the old Hungarian animates each jest. Music mingles her sweet measure with the Babel of voices. Night advances! the stern ancestral faces, whose portraits in a long row deck the wall, seem to shed lustre from their frozen eyes—seem, with the joyous guests, to laugh and shake their beards.

Now over the magnificent apartments night spreads her shadow, the music ceases, and sleep lets down her fairy images. The owl from his high turret utters a melancholy cry. In a wing of the huge pile, where the proud Palatine screens his piercing and severe glance beneath his heavy brows, long re-echoes the sound of footsteps and of sighs repeated continually in the calm silence; but none may venture to intrude unsummoned. . . . And when affrighted slumber departs from his burning eyes, stifled in the loneliness of his lofty room, he opens the narrow casement, and for a moment contemplates his floating banners and his numerous troops assembled to march against the Tartars. He hears the flourish of trumpets and the neighing of impatient steeds; arms clang, and the hussars palpitate with the ardour of battle. It is for them the sun rises from his rosy bed, kindles the horizon with the brightness of his golden tresses, lifts his radiant face, and with dilating gaze beholds its beauties reflected on the sparkling steel. It is for them the balmy breezes, with fresh morning breath, stir the maiden's ringlets and the knightly plumes; for them the warbling of birds, from whose beaks bathed in dew pours the soft gush of sweet and living melody. But not for him. He turns from the casement, and plunges again into the retreating shadow, as hideous spectres that our fears create appear in sleepless nights, and vanish at the dawn. . . . The signal is given, the trumpets sound, the iron hoofs strike the earth. The faithful squire pursues like his shadow the intrepid knight. They pass the narrow Gothic gate which, trembles as the long echo vibrates through the arch; and lower, lower, soffer in the distance, a fainter sound returns and melts away. They have reached the plain over which the sun rolls his broad disk, and their standards unfurled ere they receive the crown of their glory, float like eagles bathing in the torrents of light. A thousand colours, the ruby's sparkling glow—a thousand rainbows reflect upon their polished armour. Victory glistens in their eyes, and the rock of their firm hearts guards courage and fidelity. A young knight leads the warriors. . . . Through the borders of the valleys he conducts in order his silent cavaliers. Now lost amongst the bushes, now they crown the passes, now above the trees issue their flaming helmets. They follow the path of the Cossack; but the light trace of his horse's feet two children, the dew and wind, have covered again with sand. The knights are gone, the plain is hushed and desert, and the heart oppressed throbs with a painful yearning. The eye wanders over the solitude, and perceives no movement of life and no resting-place. The sunbeams lie upon the broad fields, over which cross sometimes the raven and his shadow. Sometimes the cricket chirps from the neighbouring bushes. Then perfect stillness, and upon the air gathers a strange vague terror. What, in all this country, does the memory of the past descend on no time-honoured monument, to shed around its dreamy inspiration? No, unless from the surface we penetrate beneath the soil: there rusts the antique armour, there moulder the bones of those who are forgotten, there springs the vigorous grain from vivifying ashes, and the worms nestle in scarce hidden graves. But over these fields the eye wanders and finds no repose—no shade, no goal, no limit—like despair.

The Palatine's son conducts the troops to join the Miecznik in an expedition against the Tartars, and to be reunited with his father's consent to the young wife from whom he had been separated.

MARIA.

Young, so young, wherefore lingered the shadow over her beauty! She wore neither rich attire, nor flower, nor gem; robed in mourning, her dark eyes cast down. Her features, impressed by sorrow, retained the grace and the smile of patience. Or, if an instant animated by some stray memory, a light trembled on the pale brow like that of the moon's ray shedding on sculptured marble a fitful look of life. Fair, noble figure, towards the angels bending, already wrapt in the charm of angels' purity. The storm of human passion had struck the young heart's blossom, and painfully that creature of heaven dragged the chain of earth.

The subsequent meeting of the lovers, and their parting previous to the battle, is a masterpiece of elegant and exquisitely delicate description. Malczeski displays true artistic power in the management of effective contrasts, and the

development of the most varied and conflicting emotions of the mind. The gleams of a brighter future, of hope, and of such wild joy as he attributes to the Cossack in his flight over the steppe, render more clear and deep the tone of profound sadness which surrounds the catastrophe of the tale.

THE DEPARTURE.

The young knight mounted; on his brow hung a troubled cloud. The aged warrior, proudly regarding him, galloped by his side. The trumpet sounds the signal, and like birds the nobles scour the fields, eager to combat with the infidel. Thou babe, whose straw hat shades thy rosy cheeks, learning thy first laugh at the brilliant show, pass but a few years, and thou also shalt be covered with the dust of battle. Yet fear not, gentle mother, whose arms enfold him, fear neither the clash of arms nor of the long lances—the Polish glance of fire is quenched in tears. In the village stirs only the cloud of dust; in the ear trembles only the distant echo; the cloud sinks down again; and from afar, faintly floats the strain of martial music. Now all is silent as when death has touched the heart. Maria raised her slender figure higher and higher still, nothing discerned but clouds chased by the wind; she bowed her trembling knees, and clasped her hands. From her eyes, turned to heaven, poured the bitter flood. Prayer ascends to the bosom of God, and she is calm. Alas, 'tis sad waste, fearful when we hope no more.

A SUNSET.

At that moment the sun, completing his vast circle, with a ruddy glow lit the white clouds. His golden lustre rested upon the earth, upon the waters; and from his western throne of flames his looks of glory dazzled no longer. Mild and visible his scattered rays; and ere descending into the abyss he stoops to the contemplation of mortal eyes; lingers still, and at the last fades slowly, steeping creation in a living rapture; still through the glistening casements enters the dwellings of men, like the glance of departing friendship bound for a distant voyage; then, casting over the clouds his purple veil, plunges his pure bosom in the deep mysteries of nature. And night, effacing the pale track of day, draws over earth the cloak of crime and treason.

The treason contemplated hangs over the house of the Miecznik. In the mean time the Tartars are engaged and defeated.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Brief was the combat—some threw down their arms, the greater number fell, the troops pursuing the flying. On the trampled ground rolled the stream of blood; there mingled lay the Tartars, Poles, and Cossacks, each as he dropped silent there for ever—far from them cast aside their chakos and the turbans of the infidels—the faithful sword grasped still. Oh thou whose existence depended upon the heroism of thy brothers, come learn their warlike strength, their conquering cry. Come see these corpses the worm wanders over—these bearded faces, proud of their death; the brows reflecting still the flash of triumph that came before the thunders of their glory! Come, shudder not; it is honourable to approach them. How the splendour of their courage shines magically through their blood. If the sacrifice of life for the beloved country, for thy brothers, awakens in thee only fear and trembling—if thou art not strong enough to offer the same sacrifice—look into thy inmost soul and curse thyself! Come in thy costly robes, come kiss their wounds, and press with grateful hearts their steel-bound bosoms.

A band of maskers, emissaries of the Palatine, claiming hospitality according to the custom of the country, entered the Miecznik's house during the absence of its guard; and the unfortunate husband only returns to find the place deserted, and Maria dead. The assassins had fled, and the servants dispersed to obtain assistance. We conclude our extracts with a passage from the details of the catastrophe:

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

At length his courser strikes against the gate, and neighs, and wide distends its nostrils to the cooling air. The moon is brilliant; there is no one near; no squire appears to hold the stirrup while his lord dismounts. . . . With a bright look from whence the clouds depart, by transports urged, to the ground lightly springing, he finds the door, and knocks once, twice, three times. Three times the vigilant echoes make reply, and their voice ceases, the sole sign of life. Who slumbers there? Who watches his return? No one hears his hasty step, his sonorous call. No glimmer in the closed and silent rooms. With his sabre vain he would have burst the door, guarded by mystery. But no; rather inclose the terror in his breast, than break her placid dreams with sounds so rude. He strikes again; but gently; for his heart, elevated by tenderness, subdued the anguish of its own suspense. Slowly he paced around, or suddenly stopped, in the vain thought of a coming step. The full moon cast his shadow in dark colossal figure on the grass. How tranquilly she kept her luminous course, ah! for her

eyes turned ever towards her sun. And the knight raised his head; and fancy drew on the moon's face a strange derisive smile. He wandered round the house thus wrapped in sleep, which, dumb and frozen, hid his treasure, like the enchanted castle of Arabian tales. But now! when hope had well-nigh taken flight, he sees an open casement, and a curtain, with which the timid breeze plays wantonly.

He enters:

Upon a bed, not made for sleep, a woman lay stretched in deep slumber. No softness hung upon her dreams profound, broken by mortal pain! Anguish had convulsed the livid features. The glazed eyes, in the moonlight, seemed to cast a glance of horrible tenderness, as when a vampire meets the look beloved. 'Tis fair Maria; and her lover near brings her earth's happiness! 'Tis fair Maria. Ah, how changed! The worm already on that breast of snow!

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Florence, August 3.

THERE is a charm of intellectual refinement and innate urbanity investing this city that renders life in Florence peculiarly pleasing, and allows the hours to glide by more rapidly, amidst objects that interest without fatiguing, than in any other Italian metropolis at this season of summer's most fiery domination. A subdued and cultivated tone seems to pervade society here, even making itself felt in the streets; and the most superficial observer must be struck by the quietly respectable demeanour of crowds, the general elegance and scrupulous neatness of dress, the total absence of professed mendicancy, and that purity of language which Alfieri found it worth his while to study, even as spoken by the lowest classes on the market-place. One must have visited Florence to feel the poetic propriety with which Byron, turning from the ruins and remembrances of Rome, apostrophises

The fair white walls
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.

The contrast of character between the Florentines and more southern Italians is indeed marked; superiority in all qualities that attract on a first acquaintance being with the former. Contrasting them with nations of the north, I cannot help thinking that the suavity and polish which render the Tuscans so far more engaging have owed something to the influences received from external objects. The creations of genius are daily presented to the eye of this people, and the amusements of aristocracy are participated in with few restrictions by the humblest classes. The works in marble and bronze of Michel Angiolo, Benvenuto Cellini, Donatelli, and others of the greatest, are to be seen in the open air; the splendid apartments of the Sovereign, adorned with the finest gallery of pictures in Europe, are daily opened for all classes to enter gratuitously; with like freedom the halls containing the Venus de Medici and the Niobe, may be passed through daily; and antique churches, crowded with the frescoes of ancient masters or historic monuments, are open at all hours without the necessity of feeling custode. One reads the records of history at almost every step in this city—in the majestic and frowning palaces, to which high names of olden renown are in so many instances attached; in the sculptured or painted escutcheons under the cornices of patrician houses, or surrounding the battle-ments of the ancient gradual residence; in the epigraphs distinguishing every house where a personage of celebrity, by whatsoever title, has resided.

The arts, though receiving less patronage from Government in Florence than in Rome, have been by no means unproductive here within the last few years. The sculptor whom the Florentines used to boast of as the first of his age, not only in Tuscany, but (as they deemed) in all Italy—Bartolini—is lately deceased. Others still survive, whose studios are well worth a visit. Powers, the American, has realised an extended reputation, principally by his "Greek Slave"—though others of his works fully deserve being placed on a par with this—and continues to labour with the energies of unexhausted genius. His "Washington," to be erected in the Senate-house of Louisiana, is now being executed in the marble—a figure rather above life-size, in the quaint and most undignified costume of the time, but in the attitude and expression of which is a quiet self-collectedness, a freedom from all straining to enact the heroic part, that interests and impresses by its strong individuality. "America," a beautiful female crowned with a diadem of thirteen stars, is one of the artist's happiest conceptions. She stands with one arm raised in the attitude of command, the other hanging at the side, whilst the hand touches a bundle of rods bound together, as the symbol of force: the upper part of the figure being nude, the lower enveloped in long flowing drapery. As pendant to this may be considered his "California," the first instance in which the allegoric personification of that country has been produced in art—a very original piece of sculpture, in the graceful but vigorously-moulded limbs and finely-chiselled features of

which we recognise, not the Greek, but the Indian type, idealised and softened, it is true, yet still unmistakable. Taking the less favourable view of his subject in its practical aspect, the artist has given to this figure, which is entirely nude, the seductive beauty and subtle expression of a syren, whose object is to fascinate in order to destroy, indicated by the divining rod she holds in one hand, pointing downwards to imply the discovery of a vein of treasure, and the handful of thorns grasped in the other, behind the back, as significant of the dreary and barbarous mode of life, or the dangerous results to social interests, which those must anticipate whom the *sacra fames* impels to these gold-producing shores. "Meditation," a figure intended to illustrate the *Penitencioso*, has just been commenced by Powers in the nude, the addition of drapery, which is to be ample, "flowing in majestic train," according to Milton's description, being thus prepared for. The peculiarity that strikes us in this sculptor's best works is, that their beauty does not appear borrowed from the antique, but from types existing in his own mind; therefore it is that they suggest reflection, and seem the ideal promise of a yet undiscovered country to the domains of his art. For some time he has worked on a method invented by himself, and apparently with many advantages. Instead of clay, he takes a mass of plaster; builds it up by a regular process of masonry, in small longitudinal pieces, to the height of the projected figure; and works upon this with instruments, alike of his own invention, consisting of flat or concave plates of iron, perforated like the surface of a grater, but much more minutely; so that the open-work might be compared to a net, whose web is more or less delicate for the several portions or stages of the execution. The plaster figure does not, like the clay, require continual moisture, but may be left at any moment, and its labour resumed after any interval. The necessity of casting is thus dispensed with, and the first offspring of the artist's toil remains permanently in his studio.

In the Pitti Palace has lately been erected a group in bronze—the "Fratricide Cain," by Dupré—which created quite a sensation when first displayed, and actually led to the report that the sculptor had been arrested under strong suspicion of homicidal guilt, inferred from the startling truthfulness with which he has illustrated the workings of remorse in his Cain. Under the government of Leopold II., even as modified by Austrian intervention, no such danger, happily, could be incurred; but the effect of Dupré's figure is really such that one starts back with horror on entering the beautiful cabinet of the Pitti, the centre of which it occupies. The murderer is represented turning away from the body of his victim, covering his face partially with one hand—a rigidity in the limbs, an angular abruptness in the attitude, giving to the whole figure the same terrible significance as is conveyed most powerfully in the soul-blasting horror, the anguish bordering on frenzy, that stamp the countenance with expression truly wonderful. A tragic actor might make a study of this figure. Disadvantageously for the effect of the group, the two statues are separated by an interval of half the width of the room, and are on different pedestals, the Cain in the centre, the Abel at one side,—the latter figure being stretched on the ground in death, and full of melancholy beauty, that contrasts with the sternly impassioned, distorted aspect of the murderer. The proportions and disposal of the limbs, and type of the features, in the prostrate figure are alike faultless; whilst in the other there is a coarseness of forms beyond what the subject demands or justifies. So perfect, indeed, did the execution of the Abel appear to all critics, that the jealousy of rivals originated the report of the entire statue having been cast from a living model, as the only way of accounting for its extraordinary smoothness of finish. To set the question at rest, the person usually employed by the sculptor as a model was sought for; all the proportions of his figure were measured and compared with those of the Abel, when it became apparent that no correspondence of scale or outline existed. Dupré, who is Florentine by birth, though of French extraction, has now in his studio the cast of a colossal statue, which is to be erected, in the marble, amidst the other figures of Tuscan celebrities adorning the portico of the Uffizi—St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, who was appointed to this see on the refusal of Angelico da Fiesole to accept the same mitred dignity. This cast was exposed in the appointed niche, by way of experiment, on occasion of the festival attended with greatest pomp in Florence, that of St. John; and I believe, when thus exhibited, the artist's performance obtained general suffrages of admiration. His St. Antoninus is not in the Episcopal, but the Dominican habit, as a friar of the same convent to which Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo belonged: he is in the action of one walking, absorbed the while in thought, with a volume in one hand, to allude to the theological treatises of which this sainted prelate was a prolific author: a profound abstraction, and at the same time the humility of an unaffectedly devout soul, are happily combined in the aspect; the massive folds of the drapery are well treated; the advancing, but slow and self-unconscious movement, very ingeniously conveyed. Two graceful figures of miniature size will also attract attention, and still more so with cognisance of their subjects, in the

studio of Dupré—the one, Petrarch as a youth, crowned with laurel, and apparently absorbed in thought; the other, Laura, whose head is copied from the exquisitely beautiful illumination, regarded as an authentic likeness, in a MS of the Laurentian Library here. One of the last works of Bartolini is a monument lately erected in Santa Croce to the celebrated minister Fossombroni, a great benefactor of Tuscany, both in its political and agricultural interests, and to whose energetic opposition raised up on one memorable occasion in the grand council, it was owing that the Austrians were not called into this country to occupy it as military rulers, long before the actual consummation of that unworthy transaction. The bust of Fossombroni is at the apex of this monument, and at each side stands on the pedestal the figure of a youthful genius, one of whom leans on an armorial shield with the device of the Florentine lily; the other on a cornucopia, from which are streaming fruits and flowers on the ground, the gaze of the latter directed eagerly to the portrait above; that of the former directed outwards, with a fine expression of thoughtful melancholy. The active and contemplative life may have been what the artist desired to symbolise in these two genii, whose forms have that ideal and spiritualised beauty, impressing with the sense of an unearthly presence, which belongs only to works of the highest order in sculpture. It is to be regretted that the "mighty dust" which reposes in Santa Croce has been in few instances surmounted by monumental works at all worthy of their association. In Canova's monument to Alfieri the drooping figure of Italia mourning over the sarcophagus is full of tender dignity and matronly loveliness. Those of Michel Angiolo, Galileo, and Dante, have scarcely a single detail that can be commended. The last, raised a few years ago, was assigned, with singular want of judgment, to a sculptor whose name had never ranked among the highest of his contemporaries—Ricci; the seated figure of the poet is heavy; those of Italia pointing to the sarcophagus, and Poesy weeping over it in a violent access of uncontrolled grief, are not superior to the commonplace in allegoric sculpture; the only detail worthy of the illustrious dead in this cenotaph (for it is not here, but at Ravenna, that the remains actually repose) is the inscription, than which nothing better could have been chosen—"Onorate l'altissimo Poeta," the line applied by Dante himself to Virgil. The same credit for appropriateness cannot be given to the epitaph of Filicaja, the most sublime of Italian lyric poets, to whose writings no other allusion is made in a long inscription dwelling on his civic honours, his relations with monarchs, and the friendship of Christina of Sweden, than in the simple words "elegantia carminum." But Santa Croce has lately received a signal addition to its attractions in another department, that of early fresco-painting, by the discovery of a series hitherto covered by whitewash, in the Capella dei Bardi (the chapel of a transept) already distinguished for containing the portrait of St. Francis, by Cimabue. By the removal of the whitewash, which here had been barbarously applied to both walls and ceiling, the whole space has been found to be storied with pictures, illustrating the life of the Saint of Assisi, and recognised at once from design and colouring as the work of Giotto. The unveiling of these treasures, and I am sorry to find some attempts of restoration also, are still in progress; therefore no regular admission to the chapel is granted, and it is only by a furtive visit that I have become acquainted with its contents. From this hurried inspection I should say they deserved to be classed among the finest of the creations of Giotto that have been preserved to us, full of his earnest simplicity and naïve originality.

I have scarcely yet had opportunity to form an opinion as to the merits of living painters in Florence. Two annual exhibitions of modern art supply that opportunity to those long resident here; but neither is open during the present month. The name, however, of Bezzuoli for the historic walk, and that of Marini as first in a devotional school presenting characteristics analogous to those of the "pre-Raphaelites" in England, are of celebrity sufficiently recognised. A competition originating in a trivial circumstance has lately induced a display of the talents illustrating the modern Florentine schools, with results decidedly to its honour. Some German artists undertook to decorate the favourite café of their resort with arabesques, figures of animals, &c., in no other object than that of national *esprit-de-corps*; the performances were admired; and the Teutonic Café became for a time one of the show-places of this city. A spirit of emulation was kindled, in consequence of which the "Café Michel Angiolo" has presented attractions for eclipsing those of its rival, being adorned by the paintings of twenty Florentine artists, all executed gratuitously—their subjects historical, groups of the *genre* species, and landscapes, with more than one illustration of incidents from the life of the great master, whose name this establishment aspires to bear. These pieces are not in oils, but in body-colours, and the frames also are painted on the walls, giving the effect of carved and gilt woodwork with singular illuiveness. Extrinsic interest attaches to one picture—a Swiss landscape, which was the last work of Morghen, son of the celebrated engraver, who studied and practised for many years in Florence with

distinguished success. Several others are works of superior merit, and displaying great technical skill in this description of colouring. Among the figure-pieces, Michel Angiolo terminating his statue of Moses, and desiring it to speak, is one of the most original.

The Tuscan government, more prudent than the Papal, undertakes few public works entailing great expenses. A project for restoring, or rather creating, the façade of the cathedral here, which, to the disfigurement of that otherwise splendid temple, the finest specimen of early Italian Gothic, remains a naked space of stuccoed walls, without decoration or relief of any kind, was lately drawn up, and a competition of architects set on foot for the supply of a suitable design; but the cost, calculated as at least one million scudi, alarmed the financial councillors of Leopold II., and the façade of the Duomo must be left in its present condition, an eye-sore in the midst of beauty, magnificence, and costliness. A work of little expense, in connexion with a recently-discovered treasure of art—The Last Supper, attributed to Raffael, which had been almost totally concealed by whitewash or smoke-stains on the wall of the refectory in an abandoned convent—is now in progress, and creditable to the authorities here, consisting of a vaulted edifice attached to the small portion of the refectory preserved from ruin, so as to supply greater convenience for the study of this admirable picture, which may be a creation of Raffael's youth, but, in my opinion, is informed with the very soul of his genius. The present season is not the most favourable for the study of ancient art here; in one instance, at least, the Austrian occupation has occasioned the concealment of some among its most prized treasures, the frescoes by Angelico da Fiesole, in the corridors of the convent of S. Marco, which have been boarded up, to protect them from the wanton brutality of the foreign troops quartered in a portion of these cloisters.

It is stated in the *Pennsylvania Freeman* that a German traveller informs the Rev. Dr. Phillips, a missionary in North Africa, that he has discovered a race of negroes, near the kingdom of Bambara, that are Jews in their religious rites and observances. Nearly every family, he says, has the law of Moses written on parchments. Although but little credence can be given to this statement, yet it must be allowed that there are vast tracts of country in Africa unexplored.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE POLYPI.—Among the lower animals, this faculty is the most remarkable in the polypi; they may be pounded in a mortar, split up, turned inside out like a glove, and divided into parts, without injury to life; fire alone is fatal to them. It is now about a hundred years since Trembley made us acquainted with these animals, and first discovered their indestructibility. It has subsequently been taken up by other natural historians, who have followed up these experiments, and have even gone so far as to produce monsters by grafting. If they be turned inside out, they attempt to replace themselves, and if unsuccessfully, the outer surface assumes the properties and powers of the inner, and the reverse. If the effort be partially successful only, the part turned back disappears in twenty-four hours, and that part of the body embraces it in such a manner, that the arms which projected behind are now fixed in the centre of the body; the original opening also disappears, and in the room of feelers a new mouth is formed, to which new feelers attach themselves, and this new mouth feeds immediately. The healed extremity elongates itself into a tail, of which the animal has now two. If two polypi be passed into one another like tubes, and pierced through with a bristle, the inner one works its way through the other, and comes forth again in a few days; in some instances, however, they grow together, and then a double row of feelers surround the mouth. If they be mutilated, the divided parts grow together again, and even pieces of two separate individuals will unite into one.—*Kidd's Journal of Nature.*

VULGAR PREJUDICE.—How frequently does it happen that, with the best inclinations to justice, we are led away by that suspicion which inevitably attaches itself to self-praise. If a man praises himself unduly, we believe him to be worthless; if an article of commerce be unduly lauded, we suspect the insidious puff. Enjoying a cool bottle of wine with a friend the other day, he remarked that he made it an invariable practice to avoid all things that were widely advertised. "To pay the expense of so much advertising," said he, "there must be some humbug at the bottom." "Very true," said we, "take another glass of sherry." "With all my heart," replied our friend; "now I'll answer for it, that this wine was never advertised; it is far too good for that. That good wine needs no bush is an old proverb. This is the pure, light, sparkling, delicious juice of the grape. This needs no advertisement." "It is fortunate that you like the wine," we replied, "although it rather upsets your theory. You are now drinking the Cambridge Sherry, than which no wine is more advertised, or more deservedly popular." Our friend took himself off in the greatest possible confusion; and when we next heard of him he was giving a large order to Mr. Bellingham for a stock of that liquid which had washed away from his mind so great an accumulation of Vulgar Prejudice.—*Somerset Gazette.*

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

On the prevalent Treatment of Disease: Two Lectures, delivered in the theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons, in July 1853, by Frederic C. Skey, F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College, &c., &c.—In his preface to these lectures, Mr. Skey acknowledges his belief that the principles herein inculcated differ widely from those adopted by the large majority of his professional brethren; and it appears that on this ground he has felt it his duty, as the Professor of Surgery to the College, to deliver, *quasi ex cathedra*, two lectures, in which he arraigns at his bar, and finds guilty of gross and mischievous error, not here and there a deluded member of the College, but the whole, or at least a large majority, of this august body—President, Councillors, Fellows, Members, Examiners, and Professors. It would appear, then, that the author believes himself and a small minority of his brethren to have adopted right principles in the treatment of disease; and, with these exceptions, the whole of the profession to have been always wrong, wholly mistaken, on a subject which “involves considerations of the highest value and importance to every department of practice, and which carries its influence, whether for good or for evil, into every chamber, and into every cottage and hospital ward in the kingdom.” Now then, what is this subject? The Professor tells us it may be “expressed” in the following question, viz.:—“How far is it compatible with the soundest principles of pathology to combat disease by the agency of depletion?” After using somewhat strong language in abuse of this “legacy of antiquated ignorance,” our author proceeds to state his own view of the case; and he tells us that for some twelve years he has been engaged in prescribing for a third portion of the out-patients of a large institution; and that the result of that occupation, which has embraced the management of many thousands of persons, has been that of convincing him that “the treatment of a very large proportion of diseases is carried to its crisis of cure by nature’s own hand, provided that the powers of the constitution are forced up to the natural level of health.” (The italics are the author’s.) We admit that this “will,” as Mr. Skey asserts, “hardly be disputed;” and we marvel that so many thousand cases should have been requisite to have taught the professor that patients are not cured till they are well. But how does that affect the question of depletion? Why, we are told the principle is “largely belied in practice.” Then follows a homily somewhat unceremonious and indiscriminate in its style, in which is expounded the wickedness of treating disease by bleeding or evacuations of any kind, the writer maintaining that *strength is health*, and therefore that, as depletions of all kinds reduce the strength, they in like proportion undermine the health. Afterwards, however, the author qualifies his language, and protests only “against the indiscriminate resort to bleeding in all and every case of inflammation, indiscriminate not only in disease but in quantities of blood abstracted from the system” (!) And he adds, “Doubtless there are forms of inflammation, involving textures of extreme value to life, in which the immediate relief afforded by the lancet in their confirmed stage, and when life itself is threatened, is, and will continue to be, the best and surest resort of the physician.” Then why, Mr. Professor, denounce the principles of your brethren, seeing that you yourself adopt them? Which of them ever practised bleeding indiscriminately, either as regards disease or quantity? Having disposed of “depletion” in the first lecture, in the second, the author presents us with an oration “on the treatment of disease by tonics.” As there is some little variation in the accounts which authors give concerning the nature and action of tonics, we looked with some interest for the Professor’s definition of a tonic. Finding none, however, we were fain to content ourselves with the following original description. “The tonic treatment appeals to causes in their remotest attainable depths. It subdues disease by rousing into hostility against it the regenerated powers of the constitution, and giving to the constitution itself the weapons for its own protection. It begins by building up instead of reducing power.” Further acquaintance with the contents of this lecture puts the reader into possession of the meaning of these words. Tonics are:—good living in general, port and sherry, rum and milk, steel and bark, brandy, cod-liver-oil, turtle-soup, opium, ammonia, quinine, “a good honest constipation,” and “filling the blood-vessels up to the level of their entire capacity for blood.” We do not expect the medical world will much concern itself about this very agreeable method of treating inflammation, consumption, and other diseases; but the public should be told that the profession does not, as a fact, treat disease generally by depletion, nor Mr. Skey

by tonics; that they, as a body, and he as an individual, are both much more worthy of the confidence of the public than the style of his lectures would seem to imply—that discrimination is the rule, and common sense the guide of their practice; and, to do Mr. Skey justice, we believe he is a very much better practitioner than he here proclaims himself, and that he has much more modesty, good sense, and liberality of mind, than appears on the face of this pamphlet. He has a fair standing as a surgeon; his misfortune is, that he conceived himself capable of appearing respectfully before the public as an author. Let him stick to the lancet, the scalpel, and the tenaculum, leaving the goosequill to the thousands who know how to use it, and he will cut a better figure for the future, both in society in general, and at “the College” in particular.

II. EPIDEMICS, AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The Cholera at Copenhagen.—The thieves at Copenhagen appear to take advantage of the alarm created by the cholera to carry on their affairs. A short time since, a foreigner presented himself at the shop of a Jewish money-changer, and offered some Swedish bank-notes to be exchanged. The moment the money had been counted out, the foreigner pretended to be seized with cramps and the usual symptoms of cholera, when the affrighted Jew immediately ran off to seek medical assistance. It is needless to add that on his return the sick man had made his exit with the notes and cash.

The cholera is raging not only at Copenhagen, but at Stettin, Königsberg, Stockholm, and Hamburg.

Ozone.—Some physicians have entertained the notion that the prevalence of cholera is in some way influenced by a deficiency of ozone in the atmosphere. The theory has not met with general acceptance, but it is still open to discussion. Owing to the difficulty of ascertaining the presence and amount of this chemical product, nothing definite has yet been determined; but we learn, on the authority of the *Medical News and Gazette*, that Dr. John Drew, one of the Council of the British Meteorological Society, has been commissioned by Dr. Schönbein to introduce to English observers his simple method of ascertaining the amount of ozone in the atmosphere. That gentleman’s ozonometer is in general use throughout Germany, and he is naturally anxious that corresponding observations should be taken in this country. Indeed, the record of such observations would make a very interesting addition to the reports of the Registrar-General.

The Weekly Report of the Registrar-General is again becoming an interesting document to a large number of persons, who are dreading the approach of the malignant cholera. The return of the week ending September 3 will rather tend to allay apprehension than otherwise. It appears that, while the general mortality little exceeds the average, the sixteen cases of “cholera” present fewer instances of the “Asiatic” form of the disease than in the previous week. Diarrhoea nevertheless shows a tendency to increase, as also does typhus and scarlatina. It cannot be concealed that, on the Continent, the cholera is spreading in the same localities as on former occasions* have preceded its introduction into our own country; and the same bad evidence of apathy on the part of our authorities exists as on its previous visits. Defective drainage and ventilation, undue crowding, and other civic abominations, still exist in almost every part of the metropolis. The medical journals are again discussing the mode of prevention and treatment. The Epidemiological Society, even in its annual recess, are awake; and a meeting of the council, for the special object of preparing to meet the foe, was to be held on the 12th, with what result we have not heard. But one thing is clear;—while the authorities are supine, and our governors and representatives are regaling themselves in the country, the medical world is at its post, anxiously endeavouring, though paralysed and discouraged by the powers that be, to devise means to save the population from this fatal pest.

III.—CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

The Vaccination Bill has received the royal assent. In the opinion of the learned, and noble, and right reverend lords, who constitute the upper house, and the merchants, barristers, naval officers, military officers, and country squires, who represent the people in the House of Commons, the medical profession as a body is either too paltry, or too powerless as a political party, to be worthy of being courteously consulted. The Bill has been very much improved since we first assailed it in these columns; but the way in which it has been thrust upon the profession is most reprehensible. Additional evidence, however, has been given that there can be neither safety to the public nor justice to the profession, till several medical men have seats in Parliament.

Compliment to the Medical Profession.—The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Lord Lieu-

* Since this paragraph was in type, tidings have been received that malignant cholera, in its most fatal form, has broken out in Newcastle.

tenant, the Earl of Warwick, has nominated William Sands Cox, Esq., a deputy lieutenant, to the commission of the peace for the county of Warwick.

St. Mary’s Hospital.—The governors have resolved upon expending 8000*l.* to be raised by subscriptions, in enlarging this hospital. The proposed improvements include a mortuary, a medical school, an accident ward, and chapel accommodation. In the expenditure is also reckoned the outlay that the charter of incorporation will involve. The cost of the mortuary is estimated at 750*l.*

The Provincial Medical and Surgical Association held their annual meeting last month at Swansea. Upwards of 400 members have been added to the association since the last annual meeting, a large majority of whom were induced to join the society in consequence of the removal of the publication of the journal from Worcester to London, and the appointment of Dr. Cormack as editor. The meeting was well attended, and the association appears to be flourishing.

St. George’s Hospital.—A special general meeting of the governors and subscribers to this institution was recently held in the board-room of the hospital, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recommendations of the weekly board, that a maternity department be established for the delivery of married lying-in women at their own homes, and also that a lecturer on midwifery be appointed, and upon other business. Mr. Francis Chambers presided. The following resolutions were, after some discussion, carried:—“1. That a maternity department, for the delivery of married lying-in women at their own homes, be established at the St. George’s Hospital, subject to such arrangements as the weekly board may from time to time direct. 2. That the weekly board be empowered to appoint a lecturer on midwifery in the hospital school, obstetric physician to the hospital, and that he have the treatment of patients in such manner as the physicians and surgeons may from time to time arrange with him, subject to the approval of the weekly board.”

King’s College Hospital.—The new building is rapidly progressing. Instead of rafters, the flooring will rest on metal sleepers, and it is in all other respects a most substantial building. It is to be regretted that public generosity is not pouring in its contributions with that liberal hand that might be expected, and which is required to enable the committee to commence the other wing. The activity and zeal evinced by the committee in the erection of the present wing will, no doubt, stimulate the public to renewed generosity in its behalf.

Essex Lunatic Asylum.—This splendid pile of building, which covers eight acres, contains seven wards and two infirmaries on one side, and six wards and one infirmary on the other, with 300 dormitories and 150 single rooms. The chapel is most tastefully fitted up in the cathedral style, with 300 sittings. The tank, which is supplied from an adjoining reservoir, contains 10,000 gallons of water, and is so arranged as to keep up a constant supply of hot and cold water for the baths. The asylum cost 65,000*l.*, but would have cost 12,000*l.* more, through the increased value of labour and material, had it not been commenced ten years ago. The support of each inmate is estimated at 145*l.*, while in the other asylums it averages from 150*l.* to 200*l.*

A Foul Blot upon the National Character.—Of all countries in the world England is that in which quacks and quackery flourish most. According to the census returns, there are nearly 30,000 persons practising one or more departments of medicine and surgery without qualifications.—*Manchester paper.*

Chloroform a Motive Power.—The inhabitants of our port have just witnessed some experiments to move machinery by the vapour of chloroform. The experiment was made by the steamer *Galilee*, of 120-horse power, and under the inspection of the Minister of Marine during his last visit. After making several turns in the harbour, she went out into the roadstead, at the rate of not less than nine knots an hour. The success of the experiment was complete.—*A Lorent Correspondent of the Lancet.*

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The meetings of the association for this year commenced on the 7th inst. at Hull, under the presidency of Mr. W. Hopkins, of Cambridge. Professor Phillips read the Council Report, which adverted, in the first place, to the proposition of a mode of publishing the transactions of the various scientific societies, so as to supersede the present unsatisfactory and expensive plan of each society printing its own proceedings, without reference to what has been done or is doing by others; so as to make these publications really of utility, instead of being the tombs of much valuable labour, always

too widely spread, and often buried beneath such an accumulation of rubbish as to make the search after prior investigations and discoveries on any given subject as laborious a task as the investigation itself. By a well-digested arrangement, and a complete and systematic course of publication of what has been effected in each branch of science, from time to time, a boon would be conferred on every cultivator of the natural sciences, exceeding in usefulness any other general scheme which can be propounded, especially were there attached to each division a special *résumé* of scientific progress abroad. The proposal is one of such vast importance and evident value to scientific men, that it is to be hoped it will not fall to the ground through the jealousy, apathy, or hindrance of the individual societies. The communications with Government respecting the large telescope required at the Cape, for the observation of the southern nebulae, are favourable, and lead to a hope that this object will be attained. The results of the meteorological balloon ascent last autumn from Kew were alluded to. The propriety of investigating the natural history of the Gulf-stream, should the proposed survey be made, was insisted on; and the report also contained some remarks on the method pursued by the Government in publishing the statistics of the agriculture of the island, and of the various scientific researches executed at the public expense. An abstract of the president's address, and of the most important communications, must be reserved for the next number of this journal.

CHEMICAL GEOLOGY.

THE VOLCANIC PHENOMENA OF ICELAND.—The active volcanoes of Iceland intersect the island in a parallel system of longitudinal lines, whilst the *Fumaroles*, which are fissures in the soil from which issue steam, sulphureous gases, and boiling black mud; with the Thermal springs, which form so marked a feature of this desolate spot, follow in the main the same direction—thus evidencing the intimate connection of all these phenomena, and leading us to regard them as but modified expressions of the same fundamental cause, viz., a highly developed state of plutonic activity at a short distance below the earth's surface.

The phenomena of this vast eruptive district have been patiently and diligently investigated by Professor Bunsen, whose two elaborate memoirs on the subject have appeared in an English dress: the one in the works issued by the Cavendish Society; the other in the *Scientific Memoirs*, a periodical which is to be discontinued, the editors stating that they find "the circle of readers taking a general interest in science too limited to support a work of the kind"—a somewhat significant fact, at a time when the importance of scientific cultivation to a nation is so much harped upon, a phrase, the real meaning of which we must seek in the adaptation of science to the immediate purposes of life and money-getting.

An abstract of Bunsen's researches on the Icelandic volcanoes, couched in popular language, may be seen in *Buff's Physics of the Earth*, an excellent little book. They have also met with well-deserved attention from Dr. Daubeny, in his address to the Chemical Society on quitting the presidential chair; as well as from Dr. J. Tyndall, of the Royal Institution, who have admirably condensed the researches and results of the Marburg professor.

The surface of Iceland slopes upward from the coast to the centre, where the general level is about 2000 feet above that of the sea. From this central plateau spring the Jökull, or icy mountains, running in a north-easterly direction; and along this chain both the active volcanoes and thermal springs are met with, a position suggestive of a common origin. From chasms in these mountains vast volumes of steam issue at intervals, and, wherever the mouth of a cavern is the vent of this vapour, the resonance of the vaults lends to the hissing and roaring of the steam a reverberation like that of thunder. Below, in the more porous strata, pools of a hideous bluish black mud smoke and boil, from the surface of which rise, from time to time, enormous bubbles, which, bursting, scatter their filthy spray to a height of fifteen to twenty feet. From the base of the hills upwards, glaciers extend, crowned with one vast unbroken solitude of snow; whilst from the fissures of the glaciers, torrents of water issue, falling in cascades from their icy walls and spreading over the subjacent country, form vast bottomless morasses of moving mud and add to the desolation which here reigns supreme. A portion of the drainage water from these swamps, percolating through fissures in the earth, to the heated underlying rocks, and mixing with the volcanic gases which traverse these subterranean regions, bursts forth again as steam, generally in boiling springs, but sometimes through craters, uplifting huge columns of ashes, like in shape to gigantic pines. Such is the scenery of this weird and barren district.

The source of the water which gives rise to these tremendous phenomena is, for the most part, the atmosphere, which deposits its moisture as snow on the highlands whence the springs are fed. These springs may be divided into two classes—the acid and the alkaline springs; regular eruptions seldom if ever occur in the former, but are frequent with the latter, amongst which are found the Geysers of the island. Bunsen divides the rocks of Iceland into two

great groups—the trachytic rocks, rich in silica, and the basaltic or pyroxenic rocks, poor in silica. He further shows how the latter, by the action of various chemical forces, is converted into the kind of tuff, termed *palagonite*, common to most volcanic countries. It would seem that to the volcanic gases and steam acting on the palagonite we must refer the most remarkable of the Icelandic phenomena. Thus, by the action of sulphurous acid gas and water on this rock, the last is decomposed, the acid uniting with the bases contained in it, a portion of which are again deposited when the solution comes into contact with fresh portions of the palagonite, until a thermal spring results, whose waters contain only the more energetic bases; the others, such as the oxide of iron and alumina, which had been dissolved in the first instance, having again been deposited upon the subsequent palagonitic beds with which the water came in contact.

Experiment demonstrates that when the vapour of sulphur is brought into contact with a rock which, like the igneous rocks of Iceland, contains oxide of iron at a red heat, sulphurous acid and sulphuret of iron, are formed. If the temperature be then somewhat reduced, and steam passed over the heated rock, now containing sulphuret of iron, this last is again oxidised at the expense of the water, whilst the hydrogen unites with the sulphur to produce sulphuretted hydrogen. Both these reactions take place on a large scale in Iceland; thus, where the temperature is elevated, as in the active volcanoes, we have sulphurous acid emitted in vast volumes; where it is lower, as in the dormant ones, sulphuretted hydrogen streams forth in abundance; the result being that steam, sulphur-vapour, sulphurous acid, and sulphuretted hydrogen burst from various fissures in the soil, the two gases mutually decomposing each other. At the Námer, or Solfatara, of Krúsi and Reykjatilið, this first stage of the fumarole action is manifested on the grandest scale. Exhalations of sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphureous and aqueous vapours here burst in the wildest confusion from the hot soil consisting of palagonite-tuff, and spreading far and wide over these steaming fields, give rise to the solfataras of the island. The erupted gases and vapours assume various characters on these plains, whose deceptive surface must be traversed with painful caution by the traveller who would avoid being swallowed up in the hot mud. Hemmed in, as he here is, by black mountains, against the caverned sides of which these vast columns of vapour burst with violence; now hissing, now roaring like continuous peals of thunder; now with the mud of the soil on which he stands boiling up like so much slate-coloured paste in pools around him—the venturesome explorer looks upon a picture of the wildest devastation, and realises chaos.

In process of time the sources of the sulphurous acid and sulphuretted hydrogen are exhausted, and new phenomena are manifested. The sulphuric acid combines with a portion of the various bases of the palagonite rock, whilst carbonic acid, uniting with the uncombined residue of the alkalis, forms salts which assist in the solution of the silica existing in the thermal springs of the island in such abundance as to furnish the material of which the surprising architecture of the Geysers is constructed.

The Great Geyser and Strokkur Geyser are the two of these grand intermittent hot springs of Iceland most deserving investigation, and to which Bunsen chiefly devoted himself. They lie contiguous to each other on the outskirts of the great glacier plain which constitutes the raised plateau in the centre of the island, and about twenty-three miles distant from the highest peak of Hecla. These great foci of thermal activity are situated in a loose palagonite tuff at the foot of a chasm in the clinkstone rock. The Great Geyser consists of a tube ten feet wide and seventy feet deep, expanding at its summit into a saucer-shaped basin of fifty-two feet diameter. This tube and basin are coated with a beautiful smooth plaster of white flint-sinter, hard enough to resist the blows of a hammer.

This lining, and indeed not only the lining but the tube, basin, and mound on which it rests, have all been built up by the hot Geyser water; the chief mineral constituents of which are silica and carbonate of soda in very minute quantities. To form these geysers, a simple thermal spring trickles down a gentle incline, the water depositing its silica, whilst thus escaping to a lower level. This deposit gradually increases, and at length forms a barrier, which compels the water of the spring to choose another point of overflow; the same thing takes place at this second place; again the course is changed, and again a fresh barrier is erected; this constantly recurs; the soil is gradually elevated by the siliceous deposit, whilst the overflow of the spring is thus compelled to travel round and round, depositing its silica, raising its point of overflow, and consequently deepening its shaft, until, in the lapse of centuries, the spring has constructed for itself the wonderful tube and basin, which are the source and scene of the most striking phenomenon of this wonderful volcanic region. Before an eruption, the water falls both in the tube and basin; detonations are heard at intervals, followed by violent ebullition in the basin; the column of water in the tube seems to be raised, forming a conical eminence in the

centre of the basin, and causing an overflow at the edges. These detonations are owing to the production of steam bubbles below, which, rising into the cooler water of the tube, collapse with loud reports, as when a steam jet is passed into cold water. In the interval between the eruptions, the temperature of the water in the centre and towards the bottom of the tube gradually increases, the precise increase of heat having been ascertained at different points of the tube a short time previous to the eruption, observations which furnished the German chemist with a key to the explanation of the phenomena of these springs. Immediately after one of the discharges of the Geyser, Bunsen found the basin empty, and the water standing some four to five feet below the mouth of the tube. After a lapse of a few hours, the basin refilled, and then the water began to flow quietly over the edge in a little cascade, whilst the column in the tube became more and more heated by the steam from below. The water in the basin being, however, considerably cooled at the surface, became heavier, and returned into the tube, thus reducing the temperature of the water in the tube, to a certain depth, below the boiling point. It is on this simple circumstance that the period of rest between each eruption depends. At length the water in the tube acquires a higher temperature, approximating closely to its boiling point under the pressure of the column of water, which of course varies according to its depth, till the boiling point due to each height is actually, or very nearly, reached. When this state of things is brought about, the huge steam-bubbles which heat the water in the tube can no longer be so quickly condensed, but increase more and more in size, till at last the water in the middle of the tube is upheaved by them several feet. A part of the water-column is thus removed, and the pressure which prevents the bubbling up of the steam consequently lessened, so that steam is formed in all those parts of the water which were nearly boiling before. As the bulk of steam in the tube increases, greater masses of water are forced upwards, and the resistance of the superincumbent column of water diminishes. Steam is now rapidly given off below; this sets in motion the superficial water—the convulsive heavings increase in frequency, till at length the entire mass of mingled steam and water is hurled into the air in a mighty jet of ten feet thick to a height of more than a hundred feet. This eruption lasts but a short time; the water cooled in the air falls back into the basin, and sinks again in the tube; the steam ceases to escape, and all returns again to rest, until a repetition of the same forces causes a fresh outburst of the Geyser.

In the Strokkur similar phenomena are witnessed; but, as its shaft is not cylindrical like that of the Great Geyser, but narrows off towards the bottom, the lower opening may be stopped up by throwing in turf and stones. Then, after a short time, a more violent outburst takes place, the stones, turf, and water being violently shot into the air.

There is yet another kind of intermittent springs, frequently met with in Iceland, which discharge themselves with great regularity, with intervals of a few minutes, in some instances, in others, of several hours, without convulsive eruptions. The Little Geyser, the most beautiful of these, comes into play at intervals of three hours and forty-five minutes, indicating its approaching eruption by a more rapid escape of steam and the splashing sound of subterranean waters. Hot foam is then ejected with the steam in jets, which, rising and falling at intervals, keep gradually mounting higher and higher until, after some ten minutes' play, the eruption has attained its height, these jets shooting up together in bundles like a sheaf of arrows, and then spiring about in every direction to a distance of thirty to forty feet. These fountain-like phenomena then gradually subside until the spring is again quiescent.

Such are the most striking observations and results of one of the most elaborate investigations of the present day—an investigation which, testing experimentally every observed phenomenon, and thus basing each deduction upon experiment, has enabled Professor Bunsen to impress upon his conclusions a stability to which the most ingenious speculations can never lay claim; and to confer upon Geology a certainty, upon the subject of volcanoes, she must ever have been wanting in, but for the aid of her elder and sister science, Chemistry. HERMES.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen has just been placed in the Town-hall, Aberdeen.—The vestry of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, have announced for sale the three pictures in the church painted by Hogarth—"The Ascension," "The Sealing of the Sepulchre," and "The Two Marys at the Sepulchre."—The monument to Watt, in the city of Edinburgh, will be completed and inaugurated on the 19th January next, the anniversary of the birth of the illustrious inventor of the steam-engine.—Her Majesty has graciously complied with the wishes of the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin to sit for her portrait. Mr. Catterton Smith is engaged for this important work, and Mr. Cranfield is to pub-

lish an engraving from it.—The diorama of Hindostan, which will close on the 17th of this month, is attracting crowds to bid farewell to the beautiful and truthful scenes that it exhibits. It is well worthy a visit, and is sure to afford the highest gratification and much instruction respecting India.—It has been decided that the memorial in Leeds of the "Hero of Waterloo" shall be a colossal figure of the departed Duke. At a meeting of the committee of the subscribers held at the Leeds Court-house, it was resolved the commission for making the statue should be given to Baron Marochetti. The cost will be about 1500 guineas.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert has transmitted 25*l.* to the committee for the proposed monument to Dr. Jenner, to perpetuate the memory of that distinguished physician, in connexion with his discovery for the prevention of that destructive disease, the small-pox.—Gibson's statue of the late Sir Robert Peel has been erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, under the superintendence of the sculptor. The statue was sculptured at Rome.

During the last few weeks the School of Design, with its ornamental casts and various artistic apparatus for teaching, has been gradually removed from Somerset-house, where, in the rooms formerly occupied by the Royal Academy, it had been located from its commencement in 1837.—What the new National Gallery is to be is foreshadowed by the *Morning Chronicle* (Monday, Sept. 5):—"It appears to be distinctly understood that we are to have a Gallery and Museum, not a mere collection of pictures. Art is to be illustrated; all schools are to be represented; we are to trace the infancy and youth of art—its decrepitude too, as well as its vigour. We are to begin at Cimabue and Giotto—we are to learn what fresco is—what Byzantine art is. England will at last have a chance of knowing that Germany has had a great school of art; that painting existed before Raffaele, of whom, by the way, we have next to nothing in the Gallery; that there were such painters as Van Eyck and Memling; that Spain has produced a vast series of most important artists; and that Ruysdaels and Claudes are not the only things in the world to be admired. The religious aspect of the art will at last be presented, in due proportion, in a collection which has hitherto consisted of landscapes, and of works which are either sensuous, satiric, historical, or portraits.—The statue of "Australia," by Mr. Bell, now placed in the gardens of the Crystal Palace, is of terra-cotta.

The French *Patrie* avers that the Parthenon at Athens is "to be completely restored."—The Exhibition of Fine Arts at Ghent comprises 490 works. Haghe, Martin, and Roberts are among the exhibitors.—On the 6th of October, the Gallery of Paintings belonging to M. Van Parys, is to be sold at Brussels. The collection contains some very fine works of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Rubens' "Helena Forment" mentioned by Sir J. Reynolds, forms part of the sale.—M. de Sauley, the French Eastern traveller, whose recent publications are at present exciting some attention in this country, has presented the Louvre at Paris with a sarcophagus extracted from the tombs of the old kings of Jerusalem.—The restoration of the tower of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, in Paris—one of the most striking and most neglected fragments of antiquity in the capital—has been ordered by the authorities.—The Board of Trade has received information from the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, stating that the French Ambassador has communicated to him that a Universal Exhibition of the Fine Arts is to take place at Paris, in May 1855, at the same time as the Exhibition of Industry.—There is talk of erecting a monument in the principal Place of Liancourt to the venerable Duke de la Rochefoucauld. His titles are, the introduction of vaccination into France—the establishment there of savings banks (*Caisse d'Epargne*)—and the Institution of the School of Arts and Trades (*Ecole des Arts et Metiers*) of Chalons.—At Petronell, a Hungarian town on the Danube, there has just been found, near the castle of the Counts of Abensberg-Traun, an uncommonly fine mosaic pavement; also, not far from the spot where the pavement was found, a military order of the Emperor Trajan was discovered. Petronell is the ancient Cornuntum, and near it are the remains of a triumphal arch, raised by the Emperor Augustus to Tiberius, in memory of the conquest of Pannonia.—There is a novelty in Venice this year, and that is the monument that has been raised to Titian in the church of Sta Maria Gloriosa de Fiori, where he was buried. It was erected at the expense of Ferdinand, and is the joint production of Luigi Zandomenichi and Pietro Zandomenichi, his son.—In the New York Crystal Palace a model of a design for a monument to Washington is exhibited, which has justly drawn down upon it the animadversion of some of the American papers, jealous of the rising character of the country. The *New York Tribune* describes it as "made up of a circular structure and an obelisk. The former consists of a colonnade and portico with fluted Doric columns, an open balustrade over the entablature, and a terrace roof. The latter starts up square from the middle of the circular flat roof, and, diminishing slightly as it rises, is continued quite plain to a height of 620 feet from the ground, being then finished by

not carrying up the work any higher. Such is the bi-fold design that assumes to glorify Washington, and to represent the taste of the American people."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

AMONG other artists engaged by Mr. Wigan for his coming campaign at the Olympic Theatre, we hear of Mrs. Stirling, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Emery, and Mr. Robson.—The German journals say that an English *entrepreneur* is scouring Germany for the purpose of picking up the best male and female lyric singers, with the view of establishing a German opera in London in the approaching winter season.—The theatre at Bath is about to be thoroughly renovated and redecored, and will open with "the tragedy of *Macbeth*," with all the magnificent effects brought out at the Princess's theatre.—The appearance of Mr. Henry Betty at Dover theatre, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*, on Wednesday evening, was the most successful of any that has taken place at this theatre throughout the present or preceding seasons. Of the many leading characters which Mr. Betty sustains, perhaps there is no other for which he is better adapted than the courageous yet cowardly, the fearless yet craven, *Macbeth*.—The flourishing town of Bradford has been engaged in celebrating by an appropriate musical festival the opening of St. George's Hall—a handsome building devoted to music. The performances began on Wednesday, with the oratorio of *St. Paul*; on Thursday the *Messiah* drew an immense audience. Mr. Costa acted as conductor; the chorus-singers were supplied by the choral societies of the great Northern towns; among the vocalists and orchestra were some of the best London artists. The town has been very gay, and the festival successful. The Orchestral Union, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, intend giving a series of concerts in the New Hall at Bradford.

M. Berlioz has been giving two grand concerts of his music at Frankfurt—the journals add, with great success.—Colonel Ragani, an old officer of the Empire, widower of the once-renowned Grassini, and uncle to Grisi, has become *impresario* of the Italian Opera at Paris.—Grisi and Mario were privately married a few days ago at St. John's Wood. The recent death of M. de Melcy (Mme. Grisi's late husband) had, on *dit*, hastened the union of the two celebrated artists.—M. Julien arrived at New York on the 7th August, by the *Baltic*.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

THE forthcoming edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary will comprise the text of 1773, with Dr. Todd's and other emendations and additions, forming 3 vols. 4to, under the editorship of Dr. Latham.—Mr. Vincent Sternberg, who has already published some interesting records of Folk-Lore, is engaged in making a more extended collection of the popular tales of the English peasantry; and asks for communications of inned legends, &c. to his London address, 15, Store-street, Bedford-square.—There have been 691 books published in the United States during the six months ending June 30, of which 169 were reprints of English books, and seventeen original translations from the German and French.—The French Record Commission has just published the first volume of Cardinal Richelieu's *Letters and Dispatches*.—A work, entitled *Biography of Baron Julius von Haynau, by one of his Companions in Arms*, has just been published by General de Schönahals.—The editor of a Montpellier newspaper has just had 800*l.* left him on condition that he will publish a detailed biography of the testator in his journal.—The Dutch Chambers have resolved that from next session they will suspend sending parliamentary papers to the newspapers.—It will be remembered that the *Patrie* was announced for sale, in consequence of the warning which it had received. A purchaser has been asked 1,500,000 fr. for it; besides contracting for an eighteen years' lease at 18,000 fr., and an arrangement for the printing, in case the plant should not be bought.—The *Madrid Gazette* of the 29th August contains a royal decree interdicting the entry and circulation of the *Times* throughout the whole extent of Spain, on account of its attacks on Spanish institutions, and its "scandalous calumnies" on the Queen, &c. Letters add that some enthusiastic partisans of the monarchy proposed making a grand *auto da fe* of the offending journal.—This will be a busy month with the publishing trade of France, because it is "almanack month." In no country in the world are so many almanacks published; and in none is such an immense number sold as in France. Everybody there, in fact, has his almanack; and it is the only thing in the shape of a book which the peasants (the French peasantry are about 30,000,000 in number) purchase from year's end to year's end.

Mr. W. Chambers is about to proceed to North America, for the purpose of writing a descriptive tour through the United States and Canada, and collecting accurate information respecting the condition and prospects of emigrants in these countries.—Mr. Blackett, the young member for Newcastle, is said to

be a copious contributor to the *Globe*.—Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, for a long time the editor of the *Daily News*, is a constant contributor to *Bentley*.—The *Dublin Evening Post* announces the grant, by Her Majesty, of a pension of 80*l.* a year to the Rev. William Hickey, the popular agricultural writer under the well-known name of "Martin Doyle."—Daylesford, the seat of the celebrated Warren Hastings, has heard the sound of the hammer; its furniture and memorials have been sold. One of the books was *A Collection of all the Evidence against Warren Hastings*. It sold for eighteen guineas.—At a sale by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, hair from the head and beard of Charles I. sold for 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; a lock of Newton's hair, for 15*s.*; and a drawing, by Napoleon, when student at the Polytechnic, representing an attack of artillery, for 6*l.* 12*s.*—Mrs. H. B. Stowe bade a final farewell to this country last week.—The *Maine* of Le Mans says it is assured that M. Ledru-Rollin is dying of nostalgia.—The King of Bavaria has conferred on the great naturalist, Alexander de Humboldt, the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit.—King Leopold has presented a gold medal, bearing his effigy, to Mr. Saphir, a Viennese poet, author of the piece entitled *Ein Mythenblatt*.—An edict has just appeared in Florence prohibiting any subject of the very Grand Duke of Tuscany from subscribing towards the proposed monument to Gioberti.—Madame Ida Pfeiffer had arrived at Batavia. After a short stay in the Dutch settlement, she quitted that place in an American ship, on the 3rd of July, for California.

The library of the British Museum, which had been closed for a week past, has been re-opened to persons having the privilege of admission, and will remain open during the present and succeeding months, from the hours of 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.—The twenty-third meeting of the British Association took place at Hull on Wednesday week.—The Interim Acting Committee for the promoting a great industrial exhibition for Scotland have come to the resolution not to attempt to carry out the proposal next year, as originally announced.—The Government have granted Sir William Snow Harris a sum of 5000*l.*, for perfecting a mode of applying lightning conductors on board ships.—Some time ago, Mr. Lawson of Bath offered 10,000*l.* worth of scientific apparatus, on condition that sufficient sum were subscribed, within a given time, to found a Midland Observatory at Nottingham. The time expires on the 1st of October; and the *Nottingham Guardian* points out that 5000*l.* is still wanting, and urges the claims of the project, so magnificently begun, on the attention of the wealthier classes. An observatory committee sits at Nottingham.—Mr. Alderman Birkin chairman; and active efforts are made in Nottingham to increase its share of the subscription.—On Friday week, the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, President of the Board of Trade, accompanied by the Lord Provost, Bailie Morrison, Bailie Fyfe, and Mr. Hall Maxwell, Secretary to the Highland Society, visited various sites which have been suggested as suitable for a Scottish national museum.—One of the last Acts of the late session is a law to extend the Public Libraries Act (1850) to Ireland and Scotland. Town Councils of boroughs, the population of which exceeds 10,000, can now adopt proceedings to establish public libraries and museums throughout the United Kingdom.—The vacancy created by the retirement of Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, F.A.S., &c. &c., from the office of librarian of the Plymouth Public Library, has been filled by the election from more than thirty candidates of Mr. William Hunt, who for more than twelve years past has been connected as reporter and editor with the newspaper press of Plymouth and Devonport, and who for the last six years has conducted the *West of England Conservative and Western Courier* paper. The Plymouth library includes that exclusive collection of paintings, prints, MSS., and books, formerly the property of Mr. Rogers, F.R.S., and more recently belonging to Mr. W. Cotton, F.R.S., of Ivybridge, by whom it has been kindly placed in a portion of the building of the library for the inspection and use of the members and the public, and which is known as the Cottonian Museum.—A remarkable illustration of the injustice arising from the present rate of foreign postage has just occurred. We find by the *Times* of August 20 that the mail brought by the screw steamship *Harbinger* from Australia was "the largest ever landed at Southampton. It consisted of 250 boxes and bags of letters and newspapers. As there is no contract existing between the Government and the General Screw Steamship Company for the conveyance of mails between this country and Australia, the *Harbinger's* mails all come under the designation of ship letter-bags, and the letters are charged to the public at the rate of 8*d.* per half-ounce, instead of 1*s.*, which would be the case if conveyed by postal contract. Of this 8*d.* the Post-office appropriates 6*d.* to itself for merely distributing the letters throughout the kingdom (an operation performed for 1*d.* in the case of inland letters), and pays 2*d.* back to the ship. Thus the General Post-office charges three times as much for merely delivering the letters to the public as is appropriated to the vessel for bringing the mails by steam from the Antipodes."

Grecian Thebes has been partially destroyed by an earthquake.—Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, asserts, from personal experience, that a few hours

spent in a sugar manufactory, inhaling the saccharine fumes, is a certain cure for consumption.—Last advices from America tell us that the Library of Congress, so lately damaged by the fire at Washington, has been re-opened.—A University for Australia has been founded and endowed by the local legislature at Sydney; and our latest tidings from that colony speak of a project being on foot to establish a new college in connection with the University there for educating ministers of the English church.—A crystal palace is to be constructed in the garden of the Palais Royal at Paris, to act as a winter garden. The concession is for thirty-six years, after which the property is to return to the State.—The Scientific Congress of France has just held its twentieth annual session at Arras, under the presidency of the Baron de Stassart, President of the Academy of Belgium.—Letters from Switzerland announce the successful ascent by three Zurich professors of the highest mountain of western Switzerland, Mount Toedi, in the Canton of Glaris. This is only the third recorded ascent of the mountain in question.—The *Correspondence* of Turin says:—"A new and ingenious application of electricity has been much spoken of here lately. The Chevalier Bonelli of this place, director of the Sardinian telegraphs, has invented electric weaving machines, destined to replace with advantage the frames *à la Jacquard*, for weaving figured stuffs. Details are as yet wanting respecting this invention, which appears destined to produce a great change in industrial matters."—The New York correspondent of the *Times* gives a report of a new American printing press, which will print from uncut paper, rolling from a cylinder, cutting and folding, with perfect regularity, 30,000 copies each hour; "the inventor declaring his ability to print one mile of paper as fast as a locomotive can run on a railway. With perfect machinery and arrangements he may do it, as his experiments develop a practical principle, which is looked upon with wonder and delight."—An interesting Exhibition is about to open at Amsterdam. The citizens have resolved to hold a series of public exhibitions illustrating the past and present state of the great departments of industry. Each year will be devoted to a particular subject—sculpture, painting, architecture, ship-building, manufactures of various kinds, and so forth.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. G. V. Brooke and Mr. Davenport. *The Fountain of Beauty*: an Extravaganza, in two acts, by Mr. Kingdom. The problem which has been offered during the past fortnight for the solution of all true lovers of the histrionic art is, whether Mr. G. V. Brooke be an actor or a mere pretender? That there should be any difficulty in solving it curiously in favour of the latter alternative betrays the extraordinary and anomalous condition of modern criticism. It is now somewhat late in the day to set about defining the boundaries and conditions of an actor; it would be late, if we had never had an actor among us; it is absurd and superfluous in these days of admitted cadence and feebleness. With the memory of great artists in the minds of this generation, with the fact that even those whose few years will not carry them back to the elder Kean may yet study the very highest achievements of the art upon a foreign stage, are we to be sent to Drury Lane (degraded temple of the mutes!) and to Mr. G. V. Brooke, to learn what are the great, immutable, and to some inscrutable principles of the acting art? The only assistance we can derive from Mr. Brooke is in the negative test with which he supplies us. Art is what Mr. G. V. Brooke does not possess. Further service he is none. If Mr. Brooke be an actor, away with the foolish tradition about holding the mirror up to nature. Nature, forsooth, is not to be reflected—she is to be distorted, she is to be poetised, she is to see her face not in a pure crystal, but as refracted—from the surface of an old cracked tin kettle; in one word, she is to be made ridiculous. So say those who proffer their belief in Mr. Brooke as an actor.

When we went to see Mr. Brooke act *Othello*, we recollected him as a man who some years ago had appeared with most fair pretensions, with a splendid *physique*, a glorious voice, with everything that could prejudice the public mind in his favour. He was then weighed in the balance and found wanting. Nature had done much for him, but she had not done all. She had given him a body, but no soul; a head, but no brains. A voice and a form are indeed one-half of an actor; but what if the other half be wanting? Where is the actor then? Well, after a time, we heard no more of Mr. Brooke. His voice had gone. Where it went, or how it went, we cannot tell; but it went, and there was nothing left but a hoarse and furious man, tearing passion and sentiment, and poetry and reason, to tatters, with the melody of a raven. The voice went, and he went with it; he went to America, the purgatory of the "ames damnées," of the stage; he went to nurse his voice, and create his reputation. And now we have him again, the one-half of an actor, so handsome, so deep-toned; but oh! so un-Shaksperian!

As we detect the counterfeit gold by weighing it

against the real, let us now turn to Mr. Davenport, with whom Mr. Brooke has the misfortune to be associated. We say *misfortune*, because Mr. Davenport offers the widest possible contrast to the defects of the half-actor. Mr. Davenport is not a perfect actor: he lacks a little of that which is Mr. Brooke's only quality; he lacks the *physique* necessary for the expression of passion in its wildest phase—but then he has all those qualities which Mr. Brooke is entirely without; he has great sense (and what an invaluable quality that is!); he has a thorough appreciation of his author; and, lastly, he thoroughly comprehends not merely the words to be spoken, but also the passion to be expressed. The consequence of this is that when he plays *Iago* to Mr. Brooke's *Othello*, *Iago* is the ruling spirit of the piece; but when the cast is reversed, *Iago* sinks to the level of a truculent ruffian, and *Othello* rises into the dignity of a brave, honourable, and injured man. The *Othello* of Mr. Brooke is a heavy soldier, much too cold-blooded to be the bridegroom of *Desdemona*, passionate by preparation, premeditatedly furious, suspicious of his wife long before *Iago* instils the poison of jealousy into his ear, and wearing his "eye thus" long before *Iago* teaches him the lesson. The *Othello* of Mr. Davenport is a warm and generous warrior, hot in love, apt in passion, whose heart never entertained thought of evil till the devil hung behind his ear. Again, contrast their *Iagos*. Mr. Davenport's *Iago* is your villain of the world—a fellow who seems to carry his heart in his hand, but it is a counterfeit heart; he is a daring, selfish, unscrupulous *bon vivant*, urged on by envy, hatred, and cupidity, compassing the ruin of others that he may advance himself. The *Iago* of Mr. Brooke is your common, cut-throat, first villain in a Cobourg tragedy—a dull, heavy, plodding, passionless murderer.

With respect to readings our space will not permit us to do more than quote one or two, as they spring to the memory, and strike us as exemplifying the difference between the poetic senses of these artists.

He that steals my purse steals trash.

In this line Mr. Brooke accented *my*, as if it were his particular purse; Mr. Davenport very properly laid the stress upon *purse*.

Michael, I'll make thee an example.

Here Mr. Brooke accentuated *example*; Mr. Davenport placed the accent upon *thee*; meaning, even *thee*, my dear friend Cassio—in our opinion obviously the better reading.

To lose 't, or give 't away.

Speaking of the handkerchief. Here Mr. Brooke spoke *give 't away*, as if mentioning a possible contingency; Mr. Davenport laid great emphasis upon it, as intending an accusation.

When Mr. Brooke entered in the third act he said, "Was not that Michael Cassio?" with a strong emphasis suggestive of suspicion; Mr. Davenport asked it frankly, as suspecting nothing.

We could multiply these contrasts; but there is little need, for there is scarcely a line of the play in which some objection may not be taken to the reading of the one, and praise awarded to the interpretation of the other.

With respect to the other characters in the cast, little can be said. Miss Anderson's *Desdemona* was judicious, and in the pathetic portion of the part was excellent. For the rest we can say nothing.

Mr. Smith has produced an Extravaganza, called *The Fountain of Beauty*, from the pen of a Mr. Kingdom, and has done for it everything possible in the way of decoration. It is, however, a dreadful abortion, and would be intolerable if it did not introduce us to Miss Featherstone, a young lady with a rich contralto voice of such rare quality that it seems a pity to waste it upon such trash. We feel persuaded that if she will cultivate her voice for operatic singing her state will be the more gracious.

The houses are excellent, principally owing to the public curiosity about Mr. Brooke. When the four-and-twenty nights have expired, and Mr. Smith rests his management upon the foundations of the real talent undoubtedly existing in his company, we shall be as pleased to record the triumphs, as we are now grieved at being compelled to observe upon the short-comings.

OBITUARY.

BLEWITT.—Last week, in town, Mr. Blewitt, the composer. He composed the spirited music to the highly humorous song of "Barney Brallaghan's Courtship," and this song first brought him into notice as a composer. **LANE.**—Recently, at Brighton, Dr. Hunter Lane, of 51, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, and formerly of Liverpool. He was a F.L.S. and F.S.S.A. and formerly president of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, editor of the *Liverpool Medical Gazette*, and the *Monthly Archives of the Medical Sciences*, and Tiedman's *Physiology of Man*, translated from the German. Dr. Lane was the author of *A Compendium of Materia Medica*, *Epitome of Practical Toxicology*, and likewise contributed numerous papers on various subjects to the *Medical Gazette*, *Lancet*, and *Medical Times*.

NAPIER.—Recently, Lieut.-General Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and a writer whose pen was as trenchant as his sword. Sir Charles served in the Peninsula, in the American war of 1814, in the final campaign against Bonaparte, and in the East. His most

notable actions were—at Corunna, for which he obtained a gold medal—at Meenae, where he defeated a force eight times the numerical strength of his own—and at Dubba, near Hyderabad, where he completed the reduction of Scinde. Few men have ever received so many wounds;—he was literally scarred and hacked from head to foot.

REYNAUD.—M. Charles Reynaud, of Paris, author of a volume of poetry called "Épîtres et Pastorales," and of a volume of prose, "Voyage d'Athènes à Balbeck."

SHAW.—Recently in Australia, Mr. Shaw, who was well known in the agricultural districts as editor of the *Mark-lane Express*, and managing director of the Farmers' Insurance Society. He emigrated somewhat suddenly, and, after passing through extreme adversity in Melbourne, he went to the diggings, where he became ill, and died in great poverty.

SIMPSON.—At Edinburgh, James Simpson, Esq., advocate, author of various works, and long distinguished as one of the most zealous promoters of popular education. Mr. Simpson was first known in the literary world by his "Visit to Flanders," shortly after the battle of Waterloo, a book which rapidly passed through several editions.

WILKINS.—Suddenly, Mr. John Wilkins, the author of the drama of "Civilisation."

M. Meyer, a Hanoverian geometer, has sent the following communication to the *Weser Gazette*:—"In an arid plain near Donner lies a block of granite of about 7½ feet square, named by the neighbouring inhabitants Drachenstein (dragon's stone). On it is the figure in alto relievo of a serpent, formed into twenty-three folds, and being somewhat more than 11 feet in length, the head hanging down by the side. At about two feet from the head a very wide part is to be seen, as if the reptile had been crushed there. Although the body of the serpent appears to be formed of the same material as the stone, it is supposed to be a petrification, and not the work of man, inasmuch as there is no mark whatever of the chisel of an artist in any part of it."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbott's (Rev. G. D.) New English Spelling Book, 12mo. 6d. swd.
Akerman's (J. Y.) Legends of Old London, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Another Book about Wesleyan Methodism, fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Bernard's Handbook of Foliage and Foreground Drawing, 12mo. 6s.
Beamish's Truth Spoken in Love; or, Tractarianism refuted, 6s. cl.
Beecher's (Rev. H. W.) Lectures to Young Men, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Blakey's History of the Philosophy of the Mind, 4 vols. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Bohn's Antiquarian Lib.: Lepsius's Letters from Egypt, trans. 5s.
Bohn's Classical Lib.: Aristophanes' Comedies, Vol. II, post 8vo. 5s.
Bohn's Standard Lib.: Bremer's Works, Vol. IV, a diary, 4s. 6d.
Books for the Country: Bees, by Rev. J. G. Wood, post 8vo. 1s.
Culley and W. H. W. History of China, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Campbell's Christian Baptism, with Antecedents and Consequences, fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Carpenter's (W. B.) Physiology of Temperance, &c. post 8vo. 1s. swd.
Cautions for the Young, edited by the Archbishop of Dublin, 7s. cl.
Cecil Dean; a Story for the Young, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Chapman's Lib. for the People: Artist's Married Life, 12mo. 1s. swd.
Cheever's Cyclopaedia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes, &c. 8vo. 5s.
Chubb's History of the Robin, Harriet Gray, and other Stories, 1s. 6d.
Colonel (The), by Author of "Perils of Fashion," 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.
Crawford's French Confectionery, for English Families, 2s. 6d.
Crichton's (D. M. M.) Memoirs, by Rev. J. W. Taylor, cr. 8vo. 5s.
De Grey's Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington, 8vo. 6s. cl.
De St. Michon's Narrative of Religious Journey in the East, 10s. 6d.
Dickens's Bleak House, with Illustrations, by Browne, 8vo. 21s. cl.
Dickens's Household Words, Vol. VI, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Domestic Commentary on the New Testament, complete, 12s. 6d.
Donaldson's (Dr.) Comparative Hebrew Grammar, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Extracts about Christ, 18mo. 2s. cl.
Fenby's Colours Dictionary of English Synonyms, 8s. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio, 8s. 1s. 6d. cl.
Four Gospels in Greek for Use of Schools, Griesbach's Text, 1s. 6d.
Geldart's May Dundas; or, Passages in a Young Life, 6s. 2s. 6d. cl.
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